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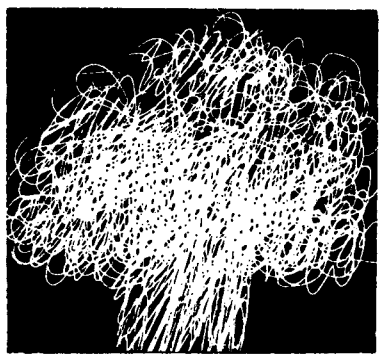
# ROBERT KENNEDY & THE CUBAN CRISIS

## AN INSIDER'S ANALYSIS

*Roger Hilsman*



## AN OUTSIDER'S DISSENT

*Leslie Dewart*

**ELECTION: THE MORNING AFTER**

**INTRUDER IN ACADEME**

**NEGOTIATORS & EXILES**

**PACKAGING THE COUP**

**LONDON CONFRONTATION**

**CHILDREN'S BOOK ISSUE**

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# NEWS AND VIEWS

*Editor & Publisher* furnishes the tally: daily newspapers lined up 634 for Nixon, 146 for Humphrey, and 12 for Wallace.

Which once again gave the Republican presidential candidate the backing of roughly 80 percent of the daily press, an invariable, it is apparent, which is upset only when a blatant disaster is on the ticket. A Barry Goldwater.

Lyndon Johnson received 440-359 newspaper support over Goldwater, with 237 papers uncommitted. But Democratic presidential candidates generally don't fare that well. Quite the opposite.

Kennedy received only 20 percent support from the press when he ran against Nixon in 1960, and that's all Adlai Stevenson gained the two times he ran against Eisenhower.

Stevenson reflected on the situation after his experience. Ours is a "one-party press in a two-party country," he commented, borrowing a phrase from Richard Strout of the *Christian Science Monitor* (TRB of *The New Republic*).

Well, a third party might one day alter part of that proposition, but the "one-party press" notion seems destined to stand so long as property rights invest publishers with unilateral decision over vital points of policy. Publishers, by and large, are card-carrying Republicans.

Sometimes, like this year, the publishers' man wins. But even when he does, popular vote percentages come nowhere near corresponding to the percentage of the publishers' support. This is a point which bothered A. J. Liebling. "A situation in which 80 percent of the press consistently takes a position in which it is followed by only about 50 percent of the people must be an unhealthy one," he wrote after the Nixon-Kennedy campaign.

However, Liebling was hopeful. He saw television's influence on the '60 campaign as the introduction into presidential campaign politics of a new force that would act as a control "on misrepresentation of the candidates' qualifications and ideas by a press that in many regions is a partisan monopoly."

Liebling was optimistic. "To regain public confidence, newspapers from now on will have to work up some difference of opinion among themselves," he wrote. He seemed sure they would.

Well, they haven't yet, and, if *Editor & Publisher's* '68 figures mean anything, the day when they will is not exactly around the corner.

•

Amid the hue and cry about law and order and crime in the streets, a new study on homicide rates in New York City reminds us once again how little we understand about the changes in crime rates. The study shows that there were almost as many murders per 100,000 citizens in 1931 as annually in the last five years. The homicide rate dipped to its lowest point in 1943, then fluctuated up and down for over a decade before beginning a regular increase.

The homicide rate ought to tell us something about crime rates in general, since it is one of the more accurate of crime statistics. Almost all murders are reported. On the other hand, reporting of thefts tends to increase with the increase in theft insurance. Larceny, defined by the FBI as a theft of something worth more than $50, increases as an affluent society has more over-$50 items lying around, just as auto theft depends partially on the number of autos available for thievery.

But the new study contradicts the notion that crime increase could be due to the growing percentage of young people (supposedly the most likely criminals) in the composition of the population. In fact, 60 percent of New York's murders are committed by those over 25.

One thing remains clear: interracial conflicts are not a major factor. The *Times* reports a University of Pennsylvania study showing "that less than 2 percent of all homicides were committed by a white person against a Negro or by a Negro against a white person."

•

R. Buckminster Fuller has devised a plan for constructing floating cities to be moored next to metropolitan areas; the idea is to provide permanent relocation for people and businesses displaced by massive urban renewal.

Fuller's scheme is not science-fiction. It is the result of a study sponsored by the Department of Housing and Urban Development. His prefabricated cities would cost around $8,000 per resident, including the cost of schools, roads, utilities, etc. Each unit, housing around 5,000, would be built in a shipyard and towed to a mooring, say, on an unused waterfront area.

If America had the same determination to risk money and resources for the poor, and for urban renewal, as we have for the race to the moon, then we might see Fuller's project realized—at least once, on an experimental basis. Our wager is the plans will be filed away under "Great Society, Demise of."

•

Dow Chemical, the firm which brought the blessing of napalm to modern warfare, rides out campus protests and consumer boycotts, and spirals toward new peaks of prosperity.

Nine-month sales, recently announced, are at $1.2 billion ($1.03 billion last year), and stock earnings for the period are up to $3.44 ($3.37 a year ago).

So look for new worlds to conquer, and Dow is doing just that. Dow has revealed plans to acquire Hartford Fire Insurance (an $836 million transaction), to expand its plant in Terneuzen, The Netherlands (a $100 million investment) and build a plant at Stade, West Germany (another $100 million).

Have investors confidence in Dow? You bet. The Big Board shows Dow moving from a year's low of 70¼ to a high of 87⅝.

•

Newman Club vocations day speakers at Temple included Mayor James Tate of Philadelphia and Sheriff William Lennox.

JOHN DEEDY



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# CORRESPONDENCE

### *Minority Sampling*

Los Angeles

*To the Editors*: The reviewer's handling of Sally Cunneen's book on the Catholic Woman [Sept. 27] is certainly "charitable." Mrs. Cunneen's data are based on questionnaires mailed to the readers of *Cross Currents*, a highly intellectual minority—which she labels a "convenience" sample. The use of so-called convenience samples by social scientists is a common happening. Any subsequent theorizing based on such a sample, however, is limited by this same convenience, or lack of randomness in the sample. Mrs. Cunneen's data reflect the attitudes of a type of person who belongs to a very small minority (probably less than 1 per cent) of the American Catholic population.

Although many of Mrs. Cunneen's ideas are both relevant and interesting, it is appalling that her book will mislead most of its (statistically unsophisticated) readers, and appear to reflect the attitudes of the Catholic Woman in general.

This book is another pitiful example of the Catholic intellectuals' "plastic" emergence into the world of the social scientist. It is no wonder that the average layman continues to weary of "Catholic-type" literature. TOM HICKEY

### *Reply*

Albany

Mr. Hickey's charitable protest seems mainly directed toward Mrs. Cunneen's limited "sample." I should say at once that the word "convenience" was mine, not hers. But I find in rereading the preface to her book that she says:

a) "The audience sampled was distinctly non-random."

b) Since this was so, "I found it valuable to conduct a large number of interviews with a broad range of American Catholic women . . . [in] parish groups [and] those who work for official Catholic organizations and might be some-

*(Continued on page 295)*

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# A TIME FOR NON-CONSENSUS

Elections are as much institutions through which the population reaffirms its faith in the system as they are opportunities for meaningful choices between truly competing political alternatives. This year especially, the meaning of the vote was seriously debated after it became apparent that the voters were being asked to ratify decisions made by two sets of party leaders out of touch not only with the broad realities of our social problems, but with their own constituencies as well. The alternative policies which did exist were muted, first by Mr. Humphrey, whose own liberalism was gravely doubted by the increasingly powerful left of his own party, and then by Mr. Nixon, whose computerized campaign softened his conservatism and focused on making the candidate more personally palatable. Voters had to grope for authentic political differences between the two men, both of whom played on the ever-available emotional issues; and even those differences that did exist were reposited in the broad framework of American "pragmatism," whose orientation has become so brutally anachronistic in our four years of Vietnam and continuing domestic poverty.

Yet the voters returned to the fold in large enough numbers so as to refute the Cassandras of imminent collapse of the two-party system as well as those who, looking at the disgust of so many, predicted massive withdrawal from that great symbol of political interest: the voting booth. All of which is not to say that the two candidates were in fact apostles of relevance: the large vote may merely reflect that the electorate—despite its profound reservations about the candidates and the system generally—is desperately anxious to do something about the turmoil, even if it's just voting. That the expected wave of repudiation did not substantially materialize, that Mr. Humphrey did manage to bring back so many disaffected Democrats, that Mr. Wallace after all fared so poorly, are not reasons for



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self-congratulation; they only indicate a period of grace which must be utilized to reform the system.

This said, it is important for the proponents of social change to take stock of their political arsenal. The Nixon victory was not a victory for the Republican Party generally, nor for conservative social policies. Doves were returned to a Democratic Congress that is as likely as not to begin functioning more as an opposition than it did under the tutelage of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who, together with President Eisenhower, effectively fashioned an enduring "bipartisan foreign policy" which minimized the impact a liberal opposition could have exerted. In short, there is no Nixon mandate—there was hardly a Nixon plurality—except a negative one calling for no sharp departures from the kinds of policies that have prevailed for the last decade or so.

Where does that leave the American left? Firstly, it seems unlikely that Nixon will be able to become the kind of President who, like John Kennedy, was able to attack the prevailing political myths in economic and foreign policy. Nixon has been described as a "tactician" and a "moderate conservative." In many crucial respects, he is not much different from his predecessor in how he sees his role as President. He may be able to implement conservative policies marginally; it is doubtful that he can breathe life into conservatism ideologically.

What this does, it seems, is to present a unique opportunity—after the talk of reuniting the country has subsided. Liberal members of Congress can begin the task of revivifying that branch of government which has withered under the impact of strong and strong-willed Presidents. The Democratic Party has not suffered markedly from this defeat: if anything it stands to gain, if its liberal representatives can emulate the example set by men like William Fulbright and Frank Church, and eschew the cries for "cooperation" when that word means resurrecting the kind of stagnancy which prevailed under Eisenhower and the ineffectuality that befell liberal Democrats under the Johnson presidency. Even if Mr. Nixon is able to submerge political differences and package his conservatism in his incumbency as he packaged his personality and his ideology in the campaign, it is unlikely that the sores on the body politic will heal by themselves. More probably, Nixon will be as submerged as his predecessor by the problems of a revolutionary era in which "pragmatism"—liberal or conservative—is proving to be increasingly irrelevant, an ideology like any other, and one geared not to the liberation of men but to their continued submission. It is not surprising that the new President sees his task as one of stemming inflation, even if this means significantly increasing unemployment—at a time when the need is to solve the poverty of those *already employed* as well as to reduce unemployment in an economy that has already been relatively deflationary. The responsibility of the opposition will be not only to oppose measures like these and escalation of armaments, but to galvanize itself into a party that can go to the country with programmatic alternatives and a critique of "Pax Americana."

Hubert Humphrey's defeat did not leave the Democrats in shambles: there are pieces to pick up; the salient question is who is going to do it. While the liberal opposition in Congress might begin to function as an opposition should, the real struggle remains on the precinct level. Already there are groups like those in Colorado and California that are organizing for 1970, and others like the New Party which are beginning the task of creating a left party able to command the attention of the Democrats if not do something more impressive.

The first step, however, is to resist the blandishments of a Grand Coalition which smothers opposition and forces it into the streets. Already there are trial balloons suggesting government posts for top Democrats, even Humphrey, and talk of the urgent need to preserve the "vital center." But the real urgency will be to continue to raise the issues and to create a climate of real choice where the next election will be something better than this one.

**NIXON'S VICTORY**

# THE MORNING AFTER

Watching Richard Nixon display his daughter's crewelwork on television—an artform which, along with barbershop quartets, is likely to enjoy a renaissance during the Nixon regime—one is prompted to a few reflections on the campaign. The first is that the liberals in both parties were obviously right; neither Nixon nor Humphrey could win the election. Richard Nixon wound up with more votes mainly because Humphrey did a slightly better job of losing—although not by much. The single most telling act of self-destruction during the campaign was Nixon's selection of Spiro T. Agnew as his running mate, but over-all Humphrey excelled. Who can forget those rambling, pointless speeches? Those pitiful, whining protestations that he would be his "own man"?

Almost any other Democrat, it is now clear, could probably have won. Humphrey himself feels he started to pick up only when he made that Salt Lake City speech divorcing himself slightly from the Johnson Administration—an intolerable burden no other Democrat would have had to carry. More important, Humphrey's



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whirlwind finish was largely the result of negative factors; he was not propelled from behind by an upsurge of popular sentiment, but drawn forward by a vacuum at the top.

This vacuum was created by two developments. Many middle-class people, deeply discontented with their lives and threatened by forces they did not understand, staged a protest of their own in the early days of the campaign by voicing support for George C. Wallace. Wallace talk was a dare, a challenge to the establishment—and it shook up a lot of people. The Wallace threat was enhanced by the suspicion that the public protest was only the tip of the iceberg, that a large silent vote would show itself on election day.

The reverse happened. The talk dwindled as the election approached. Some people did not want to waste their vote, others started getting a little scared of Wallace. "Maybe he's a little too much," one woman in Queens told me. Another said: "I've thought of voting for Wallace, but I'm worried. After he gets the Negroes he'll go after the Jews." So in one of the most hopeful signs on a bleak landscape, the Wallace strength in the northeast, at least, collapsed. The hate and the uneasiness and the fear are all still there, festering in the small suburban homes and the apartment buildings bordering on expanding Negro neighborhoods, but for a while native decency has contained it.

When the Wallace strength started to fade, it went mainly to Humphrey. Some went to Nixon, whose stands on law and order and other issues purposely paralleled Wallace's. But many of the potential Wallace voters were traditional Democrats who would consider a protest vote for a third party but would never dream of voting Republican.

The second development that fueled Humphrey's upsurge was the capitulation of the liberals. In the aftermath of Chicago, with the memories of the outrage fresh and raw, the liberals, too, flouted the establishment. Like those who were supporting Wallace, the liberals wanted to stage a protest, even if it was only vocal, and it had some effect. Humphrey would have been much more reluctant to assert his independence on the war without such pressure from the dissidents.

But as Chicago receded, and election day approached, many liberals began taking a hard look at what President Nixon would mean; even more frightening, what Vice President Agnew would mean. Senator Eugene J. McCarthy was right; party unity for its own sake was meaningless, even destructive. But many began to perceive that there were differences, and that, as Arthur M. Schlesinger put it, "we don't have a system of perfection but a system of choice."

Here again, few really liked Humphrey, or were drawn to him for positive reasons. But Nixon was finally getting through. His refusal to debate Humphrey, to face hostile crowds, even to discuss the issues in anything put flatulent rhetoric, began to sour the milk. It became clear that he was, in the words of his campaign manager, John Mitchell, a "programmed" automaton, a wind-up toy encased in a hermetically-sealed box so he would not smash into anything—and nothing or nobody could reach him.

These factors were poured into the great vat of the American consciousness and reached a critical mass about three weeks before the election. The chain reaction began; Humphrey started gaining and Nixon started slipping. But the election came too soon, and Nixon squeaked by. Another week and the result might have been different.

All of these things have important implications for the future. Nixon was elected not at the peak of his popularity but when it had already begun to plummet. The goodwill a new President normally enjoys has already started to erode. In other words, Nixon is probably in for a very difficult time trying to govern this country. His mandate, such as it is, is badly blurred.

The popular vote was inconclusive. The Republicans picked up only four seats in the House—an important sign of their failure to convince the people that they promise something new and better. Even more important, we now have a President who, in the midst of a revolution, received the votes of no more than 10 per cent of the revolutionaries—the blacks, the young, the intellectuals.

Nixon was elected by the white middle-class, a truly conservative group which does not understand what's going on in this country and does not seem to care. Along with Nixon, they believe that the answer to unrest is force, that life on welfare is a ball, that they made it themselves and that everyone else should also do it on their own—after a decent period of suffering.

(The campaign revealed the depth and intensity of the discontent among the white middle-class, even if the Wallace vote was not substantial. It is a discontent that the liberals must comprehend and deal with, even if it is based on essentially selfish impulses. The only alternative is increasing polarization of the blacks and their allies against the conservatives.)

What of the future? Nixon calls for reconciliation, but on what terms? He calls for unity, but toward what end? He does not really say, but we have our suspicions.

Nixon should be given a chance; he is so unprincipled that enough pressure from the left could have an effect. But one holds out little hope. The best we can expect is probably much mushy rhetoric and very little real commitment. Take just one example: Nixon emphasizes the need to rely more heavily on private enterprise to solve urban problems. But we've learned that is a mirage; without substantial government subsidies private enterprise cannot, and will not, aid the poor; it does not pay. Will Nixon, committed to escalating the arms race, ask for enough money to really help the poor?



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Murray Kempton, writing in the *New York Post,* said the day after the election that "the war has begun" (he and many others should have thought of that in those days when hating Humphrey was their predominant occupation and Nixon built his lead). Not yet. But at some point, Nixon's "unity" could become for the progressive forces at best hypocrisy and at worst betrayal. Then the white middle-class who thought they had bought comfort and safety with Tricky Dick will find that their troubles have multiplied. And Nixon, if past performance is any guide, will answer with repression. If there is a vestigial Joe McCarthy in our midst, Nixon's the one.

STEVEN V. ROBERTS

*(Steven V. Roberts, a frequent contributor to these pages, is a political reporter for the* New York Times *who wrote often about the recent campaign.)*

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**'PARLIAMENT IS DEAD'**

# CONFRONTATION POLITICS, LTD.

London

Confrontation politics arrived in London with the massive anti-American demonstration on October 27. The march was quite unlike anything seen in the U.S. in recent decades: red banners of Communism were ubiquitous as were flags of the National Liberation Front, black banners of anarchism and placards proclaiming the demonstrators' solidarity with the cause of revolution. This was not a peace march, and the traditional pacifist and socialist organizations were openly hostile to the assemblage, as was the vast majority of the British press which began a full six weeks before the march to discourage participation by reports of impending violence as well as the usual scurrilous pandering of news about the leaders' shady connections.

As it was, the numbers who turned out were surprisingly large. Crowd estimates varied between the police low of 30,000 to the leaders' high of 120,000. My own feeling was that there were enough in the march to put a scare into the Wilson government and the establishment generally. Political differences among the left were submerged in the common cause of anti-Americanism and there was enough raw hatred to spill over onto Wilson and the Labor party as a whole. The hatred boiled over at the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square where about 3,000 of the marchers, primarily Maoists, had decided in advance to forego the pleasure of the planned teach-in in Hyde Park to hurl missiles and even perhaps to occupy the Embassy itself. The police, for their part, bore the encounter well, refusing, much to dismay of the student communists, to be drawn into a violent confrontation.

The bulk of the marchers assembled at Hyde Park Speakers' Corner, that great abiding symbol of free—albeit ineffectual—speech. There was no teach-in *per se,* only self-congratulatory oration at the size of the march and how this, in itself, would mean eventually a change in the social structure. Tariq Ali, head of the Vietnam Solidarity Committee, the group that called the demonstration and two previous ones that did provoke the police, hoped that the next march would include more workers; other speakers rattled their sabers and predicted the downfall of British capitalism. It took Felix Greene, author of *Red Star Over China* and film-maker with "Inside North Vietnam" to his credit, to explain that the real enemy was not the United States but imperialism generally. There was great sympathy for the American peace movement which was operating "in the heartland of American imperialism."

Despite the relatively pacific nature of the Hyde Park gathering, it was evident that the march was signaling the breakdown of traditional English niceties. This confrontation, though primarily verbal, indicated the direction that the left is beginning to take under the negative auspices of the Prime Minister and his cabinet. For the past two years the government has consistently alienated its left-wing to the breaking point. The withdrawal of Frank Cousins and the defection of the all-important Engineers union from the Labor camp have only been the tips of icebergs of discontent that threatened to erupt into a full-scale repudiation of the Labor government at the recent annual conference at Blackpool. Indeed, all summer, speculation has been rife over whether or not Harold would have to call a new election by this winter; the London bookies were ready with odds on whether or not Wilson would be replaced this year by Jenkins and not even be allowed to call an election.

The students have paralleled the development of the alienation of the Parliamentary left by moving further into alliance with the left socialists and the Communists —a path far easier to travel in a country with no history of McCarthyist hysteria. The restraining influences have been to this point social rather than political. There is a keen sense of the acceptable in behavior, and this of course includes the political. Only once in recent history has this point been transgressed: the Black Shirt movement of Oswald Mosley—and this was a right-wing grouping not a left. For all its revolutionary fervor, the left held more or less to acceptable channels of political activity, largely because of the presence of a Labor party that held out the hope of transforming the system through electoral mandate.

Wilson's repudiation of the socialist alternative has



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embittered his constituency much the same way that liberal Democrats in America passed through their *rite de passage* under the Johnson administration. In American politics, the defeat of Eugene McCarthy resulted in a massive political withdrawal which indicates a profound disenchantment with the two-party system. In Britain this has become apparent as well, though where there have been constraints operating in the US to prevent the resurgence of an ideological left, in this country an opening to a potentially violent and nihilistic left is a strong possibility. Coupled with the repugnance felt toward Wilson there is also the same feeling of distaste for democratic institutions. "Parliament is dead," the demonstrators shouted as they passed Big Ben. And Parliament is dead insofar as its policy-making influence has eroded over the years, along with the influence of the back-bench left Laborites.

But the Vietnam Solidarity Campaign has not professed an interest in reinvigorating Commons (though the Government has, and under Richard Crossman has been putting forth a series of proposals for Parliamentary reform). Rather the VSC and the rest of the far left have apparently transcended democratic rhetoric, except for the kind that espouses "participatory democracy" akin to that of the American SDS, and are now talking in terms of bringing about the revolution.

Nevertheless, despite the rhetorical flourishes, the possibilities of revolution in Britain are remote, just as there is an air of faddishness about the student left here generally. However, there is a real danger that having exchewed his socialist principles, Wilson might have opened the door to renewed activity among the not so dormant right. The most recent polls give the Tories an 8% edge over Labor, and this closely parallels the series of by-election defeats that Labor has suffered recently. A powerful and alienated left in this country seems certain to increase anxiety among the still powerful conservative middle classes who are being joined of late by right-wing blue collar workers rallying around the racist demagogy of Enoch Powell. I attended the occupation of the London School of Economics, which the students took over in protest against the war and against the decision of the president to close the school rather than permit it to be used as a sanctuary for VSC demonstrators. One of the students there informed me that he saw no danger of reaction to the student New Left and the demonstrators. "There is a long liberal tradition here," he said. This is what many on the left are counting on, ignoring the analogues in France and the U.S. where the left has managed to provoke the law and order forces into an open assertion of their predominant power. The student may be correct. But then again, the reviews of Mosley's recently published autobiography have been strangely favorable.

JON EISEN

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### THE COLONELS AND THE U.S.

# PACKAGING THE COUP

Since the Colonels took over Greece on April 21, 1967, they have been under considerable pressure from abroad to restore democracy and human rights. They have constantly proclaimed this intention, but only when "the goals of the revolution have been carried out." Though some of the goals might be considered long term such as "the reform of the Greek character," one goal was a new constitution. On September 29 the Greek people went to the polls to vote in a constitutional referendum. Article 138 (or "Catch 138") authorized the Colonels to decide when the crucial provisions of the constitution concerning elections, political parties, and human rights would be put into effect. On September 30 it was officially announced that 92.2% voted not to have democracy and human rights until the junta decided they should have it. A jubilant Prime Minister Papadopoulos declared that this was a "plebiscite" which legitimized his power, while his opponents labelled it a "farce".

This kind of referendum is not new in Greece. In 1935 the plebiscite on the king's return produced more "yes" votes than voters, and in 1946 a vote on the same question had its "irregularities". The referendum of 1968 held under martial law has produced its innumerable accounts of intimidation and fraud.

Drafting of a constitution began shortly after the coup. From the beginning the drafters sought to ostracize those who by word or deed opposed "the existing social order" or "the principles of the regime." The conviction of the junta is not only that "anti-national forces" should be denied political and civil rights, but that Greeks in general need "order" rather than "freedom." Popular participation in drafting was assured by the citizen's right to send in a postcard with his comments. The government claimed receipt of five million, impressive in a population of eight million. When the final draft appeared seventeen months after the coup it was a document which, compared with the defunct Constitution of 1952, strengthened the executive at the expense of king and parliament. Three legal experts appointed by the Council of Europe concluded that the draft "does not conform to democratic principles." The International Commission of Jurists labeled it a "legal device through which the Colonels intend to remain in power." In one sense nothing was proved by this exercise as the Colonels retain



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the power to decide when an undemocratic constitution will come into force, yet in another sense it demonstrated how firmly in power the junta is.

The United States, the "protecting" power in Greece since 1947, has given top priority to "stability" especially with the Middle East situation and the build-up of the Soviet fleet in the Mediterranean. American policy makers have opted for the "southern flank of NATO" cliché over the "birthplace of democracy" cliché. The State Department has hoped for an evolution on the Brazilian model: military takes over to avoid "communist" threat, junta becomes "civilian," a new constitution sets up a "guided democracy," then "elections." Viewing the constitution as a step forward, U.S. diplomats urged the former politicians to join in the discussion of the various drafts. The politicians refused, saying that they did not recognize the right of a dictatorship to make a constitution for a democracy, only the people have that right. Those who did advocate a "no" vote found themselves in jail. A not incredible rumor has it that the Americans have gotten a promise of elections out of the Colonels for the resumption of arms deliveries, announced right after the Wedding. Again the Brazilian model: the military will have their party and then a group of right-wing politicians will be allowed to form an "opposition." Greece like Brazil will probaby be applauded for arriving at the advanced stage of a two-party system. To critics of American policy in Greece, the State Department has countered with, "What is the alternative?"

Though this is more than a little disingenuous on the part of State, it is the key question, the question that discourages and depresses so many Greeks. Efforts for a "United Front" of former politicians both in and out of Greece have failed. Active resistance in Greece has not been able to combine means and will. The Communists, who could find the means, are bitterly split between the Moscow line (KKE, the Greek CP in exile) and the "Czech" line (EDA, a legal party before April 21). The Moscovites are discredited in Greece, and Russia's policy toward the junta has been most correct. EDA, on the other hand, which enjoys support, sees no reason to fight to bring back a Karamanlis. Non-Communist resistance groups of left, center, and right are being constantly broken up by the efficient Security Police whose liberal use of torture effectively deters many. Most important is that no state or other source of aid is willing to finance those ready to carry on armed resistance. Successful contemporary resistance movements have generally had outside support, but the Greeks have none.

Greeks should feel at home with the political vocabulary of 1968 which bristles with "spheres of influence" and "Great Power *diktats*," for since their independence in 1821 their destiny has been determined by the Great Powers. Many Greeks see themselves as the Czechoslovakia of the West. NATO tanks imposed a dictatorship on them and for the greater interests of the "free world," they will keep it. Greece is an example of how a small group of men without popular support but with modern technology and foreign backing can hold power indefinitely.

The Colonels, originally considered a bad joke, have good reason to believe that they will be around for a long time. The international situation is favorable: the invasion of Czechoslovakia has exacerbated the Cold War; Nixon, who was chaperoned on his visit to junta Greece by Tom Pappas, a Boston business man who openly boasts of CIA connections, is friendly; Karamanlis, who was kept waiting outside the church this summer by U.S. diplomats seems to have lost his chance; and, European public opinion now has genocide in Africa and rape in Eastern Europe. After initial hesitation, foreign capital, predominantly American, is pouring into Greece. Onassis in the last week not only brought U.S.-Greek relations closer, but according to rumors in the Greek press he signed a $300 million contract for Greece's third oil refinery and one for $173 million bringing Reynolds Aluminum to Greece. The fact is that American business and strategic interests are best served by the junta, and the U.S., the only power able to talk tough to the junta, is now willing to settle for this attractive "lesser evil."

In some of their more heady moments, the junta claims they are the wave of the future. The new junta in Peru announced recently that they would hold a constitutional referendum, but not of course until "the goals of the revolution have been carried out." JAMES BECKET

*(James Becket, a past contributor to* Commonweal, *is a lawyer and economist. In September he was immediately expelled from Greece after arriving in Athens as a correspondent for* Renewal.*)*

### The Glory That Was Greece

Opposition to the Greek regime showed itself at the Nov. 3 funeral of George Papandreou. Despite the ban on political demonstrations, the crowd lining the funeral procession route chanted "Where are our 'no's'?" and "You got your figures mixed!" in reference to the vote on the Constitution. Some onlookers cried "Down with tyranny!" The results were small clashes with the police and 40 arrests.

The next day a military tribunal began the trial of the 15 Greeks charged with a bomb plot against Premier Papadopoulos. The junta accuses the recently resigned Cypriote Minister of Defense of cooperation with the plotters. The chief defendant claims he has been subject to "medieval tortures." He shouted out in court, "My testimony is fake. I never signed it."

"Stop misbehaving," the prosecutor replied.



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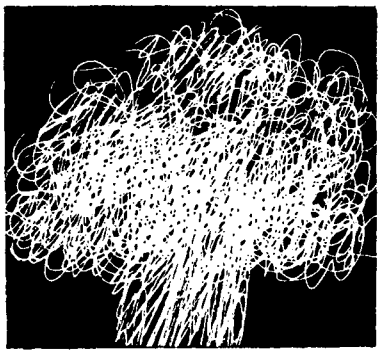


# RFK ON CUBA: AN INSIDER'S ANALYSIS

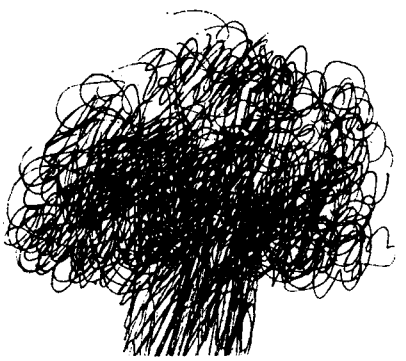
**ROGER HILSMAN**

ROBERT Kennedy's *Thirteen Days* is unique—an account of the world's first nuclear crisis by a man who shared presidential responsibility. For of all of the men around John F. Kennedy in those fateful days, only Robert F. Kennedy, his brother, could feel the personal sense that John Kennedy did of responsibility for all of mankind and for generations yet unborn. It is the closest thing we will ever have to the reflections of John F. Kennedy himself.

The awesome drama of those thirteen days, the tension, the clashing wills of patriotic, intelligent, but overwrought men of deeply differing convictions is all here. This manuscript was a first-draft, and Robert Kennedy had intended to polish and edit it. But, in a way, the first-draft roughness contributes to the drama of the account, conveying something of the striving for deliberateness in the midst of overwhelming pressure for speed.

Some commentators have said that there is nothing in Robert Kennedy's account that had not already appeared. But as one who was himself involved in those events as the Director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, I believe that judgment is unfair. There are no "now-it-can-be-told" state secrets revealed, but there is still much that is new.

First, of course, is the account of how John Kennedy felt, how he saw the crisis, and both his and Robert Ken-



# ANOTHER VERSION OF AN AMERICAN MYTH

**LESLIE DEWART**

ROBERT Kennedy's recent account of the Cuban missile crisis does not shed much new light upon the subject. This is not to say that it is not a valuable document, particularly for its inclusion of a number of minor details not previously known; it is, moreover, an interesting one, especially because it confirms certain items, which had not been in real doubt, but for which authority had been lacking. In outline, however, it is but a *reprise* of the version first put out by President Kennedy himself —a version which by now has acquired the character and dimensions of a veritable American myth.

Thus, Robert Kennedy premises his story, first, upon the idea that the missiles placed in Cuba presented a new military threat to the U.S., that their deployment "altered the balance of power." From the strategic viewpoint this is, of course, one of the tallest tales to have come out of the White House since the U-2 affair. But it is a thoroughly frightening and, withal, enraging tale, the very sort which is made to order for manipulating popular opinion. It is perfectly true, on the other hand, that the Soviet *démarche*, if successful, would have represented a great political advantage both to Cuba and to the Soviets. It would not be difficult to debate the wisdom and the prudence of the Soviet decision to pursue this advantage. The point is that it was this very advantage that



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nedy's joint reflections on the lessons to be learned. This is new. John Kennedy was determined to avoid recrimination or exultation in his dealings with the Soviet Union and to take the opportunity to move to achieve agreements, such as the limited nuclear test ban agreement, that would help to end the Cold War, and he refrained from confiding his feelings about the crisis to anyone but his brother.

Other details are also new. Robert Kennedy gives a much fuller account than has ever before appeared in print of the long, four-part cable that Chairman Khrushchev sent the afternoon of Friday, Oct. 26. This cable marked the turning point in the Soviet attitude and was the basis of the agreement that resolved the crisis. Kennedy also documents what had only been deduced before about the course events would probably have taken if the Soviets had not backed down—the United States would have been forced to take out the Soviet anti-aircraft SAM sites, and, then, if the Soviets still persisted, to launch an invasion.

Many other details are also new, but one is particularly significant—the account of Robert Kennedy's meeting with Ambassador Dobrynin, the details of which supply a missing link that has puzzled historians. There has long been speculation that something happened Saturday, Oct. 27, that finally convinced the Soviets just how determined the Americans were and caused them to recognize the full gravity of the situation. Kennedy's account of his meeting with Dobrynin provides the explanation. For Robert Kennedy was able to make it clear how events must inevitably proceed, how short time was before events took command, and yet to do so without threats or posturing.

The final section of *Thirteen Days* is devoted to reflections on the crisis and on the lessons learned. Here, Robert Kennedy is speaking to future Presidents and other officials who will sit around that same table making other fateful decisions. And what he has to say is worthy of their attention.

It is at this point, however, that a criticism must be made. Once during the crisis, a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff said that he believed in a preventive attack on the Soviet Union. Others advocated attacks on Cuba without warning. "They seemed always to assume," Kennedy writes, "that the Russians and the Cubans would not respond or, if they did, that a war was in our national interest." There is no question that these remarks were made, but it is also clear that the deliberated positions taken by the Joint Chiefs of Staff were more responsible and took greater account of the proper limitations of military advice. The inability to look beyond the limited military field illustrated by these remarks appalled Rob-

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Kennedy wanted to void. Given this objective, the crisis had to be precipitated. For, to judge by the evidence, Kennedy never seriously considered settling the Cuban question on the basis of his renouncing the alleged right to overthrow the Cuban government, as an alternative to confrontation with Khrushchev.

### *The Second Premise*

One could not very well suppose that Robert Kennedy should have found it necessary to call attention to the fact that this alternative had actually been available. Most probably he too had always deemed it unthinkable. Hence, it is only consistent if he too must use as the second premise of his account the view that the Soviet Union's representations to the U.S. about missiles in Cuba "had all been lies, one gigantic fabric of lies." The trouble, however, is that if one goes to the sources and reads the available documents containing the exchanges between the two countries, it is not so clear that it was the Soviet Union who wove the issue of untruth. The fact appears to be that the Soviet Union, far from promising to keep the missiles out of Cuba, actually probed the U.S. government, hinting at its intention to place in Cuba precisely the weaponry it did eventually place and offering its justification of the measure. But Kennedy's outraged charge of deceit was a solid platform from which to launch the Cuban blockade—insisting all the while that the missiles *really* were in Cuba, and multiplying the corroborative details of the truth that the Soviet Union had never actually denied.

It is understandable, of course, if Robert Kennedy repeatedly reproduces this allegation, since it was one of the essential bases of the U.S. government's rationale for imposing a blockade. It is less understandable, however, that he should also insist that the blockade was "legally established by a vote of the OAS." I suppose that the international fictions require that governments do this sort of thing for the record—whether in relation to Cuba or to Czechoslovakia. But the credibility of Robert Kennedy's account, if not the seriousness of his purpose, would have been enhanced had he not insisted, in a document drawn for non-official purposes, on reaffirming an apologetic that is as disreputable as it is unnecessary.

The account is perhaps most novel at the one point at which it departs from the widely received interpretation of the events, according to which the Soviets withdrew the missiles in response to the blockade. This is, of course, utter nonsense. When the blockade against missiles was imposed, the missiles were already in Cuba. The Soviets



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ert Kennedy and led him to the sharp judgment given in the manuscript. But had he lived to go over it once more, he might well have made some changes. For he quotes John Kennedy in a different vein: "When we talked about this later, he said we had to remember that they were trained to fight and to wage war—that was their life. Perhaps we would feel even more concerned if they were always opposed to using arms or military means—for if they would not be willing, who would be?"

One final observation must be made. Because Robert Kennedy is the author of this account, his own role is played down. But the truth of the matter is that Robert Kennedy's role was central, second only to that of his brother. And on two occasions his contribution was the higher. On Friday night, Oct. 19, support in the ExCom for blockading Cuba as the first step began to fall apart, with more and more members shifting to the idea of opening with a bombing strike against the missile sites. It was Robert Kennedy who eloquently, even passionately, argued against an "American Pearl Harbor"—and who won the day.

The second occasion was on Saturday, Oct. 27, the blackest day of the crisis. The night before Khrushchev's long cable seemed to open the door to a resolution. This was reinforced by a very specific set of proposals delivered informally by the representative of Soviet intelligence in their Washington embassy to an American newsman. Then on Saturday, the Soviets reneged in a message broadcast from Moscow, and a U-2 was shot down over Cuba, killing the pilot, Major Anderson. There seemed no alternative to bombing the missiles sites, and following this with an invasion.

But it was Robert Kennedy who conceived a brilliant diplomatic maneuver—later dubbed the "Trollope ploy," after the recurrent scene in Anthony Trollope's novels in which the girl interprets a squeeze of her hand as a proposal of marriage. His suggestion was to deal with Friday's package of signals—Khrushchev's cable and the approach through the Soviet intelligence agent—as if the reneging message of Saturday simply did not exist. Picking out of the various signals those items which the United States found acceptable, Robert Kennedy drafted a message to Khrushchev. At the President's direction, he then had his crucial conversation with Dobrynin, as described above. And the crisis was resolved.

There is no doubt of the debt that America—and all of humankind—owes to Robert F. Kennedy.

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ROGER HILSMAN, *a former member of the State Department during the Kennedy Administration, presently teaches in the Department of Public Law and Government at Columbia University. He is the author of* To Move a Nation *(Doubleday).*

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had no need or reason to run the blockade or resist it. Their position at international law was unimpeachable, whereas the American was not clearly so. The Soviets had but to stand by and bide their time—as indeed they did. Robert Kennedy confirms what some students of the crisis had previously suggested, namely, that up to this point "our combination of limited force and diplomatic efforts had been unsuccessful," and that the Soviet reversal occurred only when Kennedy made clear to the Soviets—it was Robert Kennedy who delivered the message—that if the Soviet-manned bases were not dismantled, the U.S. would launch a first strike upon them. As Robert Kennedy admits, President Kennedy did this in full awareness that the Soviets "would have had to react militarily to such actions on our part."

In other words, Robert Kennedy confirms that John F. Kennedy threatened to unleash nuclear war upon the world unless his will be done. And he makes clear that this was no bluff. He describes in some detail indeed how Kennedy put in motion the machinery which, unless stopped by Khrushchev's agreement to the American demands, would have almost automatically resulted in a thermonuclear exchange. Any evaluation of this action must begin, of course, with one's prior judgment whether Kennedy had been originally justified in reserving the right to overthrow the Cuban government. If one assumes that he was, one will have to judge that Kennedy was forced into this by Khrushchev, who is ultimately to blame for having put the world in such danger. If one assumes the opposite, Kennedy's responsibility for the affair will be felt to have been somewhat greater than otherwise.

Ironically, Khrushchev's accession to Kennedy's demands did serve to extract from the latter "assurances against the invasion of Cuba." Though Kennedy, in effect, precipitated the crisis by his insistence upon the right to invade Cuba, in the end he did settle for less than total victory—few will disagree that for this, at least, all men can be grateful. Now, Robert Kennedy's account of the acceptance of this condition is not different from what many observers had long believed to have been the case. It is interesting only because it recalls the fact that Kennedy repeatedly and categorically denied at the time, and long afterwards, that he had given this undertaking—and it is not immediately evident why Robert Kennedy should have wished to set the record straight on this particular point.

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LESLIE DEWART *lived for a time in Cuba and published a study of Cuban-American relations entitled* Christianity and Revolution *(Herder and Herder).*



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# ALIVE AND WELL IN PARIS

*Negotiators and deserters: report from the peace front*

MICHAEL NOVAK

Paris is hauntingly lovely in October. The small-leafed trees lay the scents of their dying on the brisk air; the centuries-old bricks and roofs grow mellow in the thin autumn light. The thick, grey Seine is sluggish; the print-sellers stamp their feet impatiently. If one has to choose exile, what other city promises similar intelligence, conflict, and delight?

In the last week of October, we went to Paris, a dozen of us under the sponsorship of Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam, to visit the deserters from the United States forces, and to talk to the North Vietnamese, the National Liberation Front, and the United States mission. An aide to Ambassador Harriman rejected our request for an interview; the North Vietnamese were cordial and friendly, but cautious, toward a rump delegation of five from our number; the representatives of the NLF met nearly all of us in their newly opened Paris office; and nearly 20 of the American deserters living in or near Paris came to see us during receptions at our hotel. In the streets outside, fascist and left-wing students, in the ancient tradition of Parisian student activism, took turns bombing one another's restaurants, bookstores and presses (there were at least five separate bombings during the two nights of our stay).

We learned little from the North Vietnamese, except their desire that the American people should hear *their* interpretation of the war as well as the Johnson-Rusk interpretation. They cannot imagine how anyone believes that the Vietnamese, North or South, can be considered "aggressors" in their own nation, or how anyone can fail to see that the United States is a distant, white, foreign nation. "Peace with honor" is just as valuable to them as to Americans, but the solution which seems honorable to the North Vietnamese is quite different from any that Americans have been prepared to face. The North Vietnamese delegates were warm, sensitive, intelligent men, who spoke willingly about the friendly relations that might one day obtain between their people and the American people—once the unfortunate decisions of recent years had been repudiated by the American government.

The representatives of the NLF were outwardly cordial but emotionally and intellectually uptight. They were none too warm in their references to the North Vietnamese; the warmest they could get was to support the North Vietnamese demand for a bombing halt. Beyond that, they seemed to say, *they* and not the North Vietnamese are the interested party in further negotiations. The men of the NLF—Pham Van Ba, Ha Thanh Lam and Nguyen Van My—were as intransigent and rigid as human beings can be. We were perhaps the first, or very nearly the first, delegation they had met in their new office, a modest fourth-floor apartment in a middle-class Paris suburb. They seemed nervous and afraid; they consulted frequently, and seemed to disagree somewhat among themselves, but with the harder line coming out victorious every time.

They also seemed afraid that the North Vietnamese would, once again, betray them to their enemies and enter upon negotiations that would benefit the North at the expense of the South. They were insistent (a) that the NLF *is* the legitimate government of South Vietnam and (b) that the NLF is *already* a "coalition" government." They showed no signs of willingness to compromise with the present Saigon government of President Thieu. They spoke of him with contempt, insisting that without the Americans his regime would not last 24 hours. They were not interested even in discussing the "neutralist Alliance" which they announced with so much fanfare during last January's Tet offensive. Their line was much more intransigent: the Front already represents a broad national alliance. They admitted there were Communists in the Front but could not estimate their number or influence; they were amused by such a typically American line of questioning. They pointed out that none of the four present (including the translator) is a Communist, or has ever worked with a Communist in the Front.

I noted that Truong Dinh Dzu, the peace candidate now in jail, had taken a step in the direction of the Front by advocating a coalition government to which they, as individuals, could be admitted; would they take any steps in his direction? Their reply was that the future is entirely up to Mr. Dzu; he can embrace their program in its entirety, otherwise he is of no interest to them. In brief, the position of the NLF outlined to us in two hours of intensive questioning, is the most un-

MICHAEL NOVAK *is Chairman of the Humanities Department at the State University of New York at Old Westbury.*



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compromising, intransigent and demanding they have enunciated at any time during the war. Whether this intransigence represents their vastly improved military position—since Tet they control nearly the entire countryside, free even of search and destroy operations—or whether it represents a caution and harshness appropriate for the opening round of negotiations, I could not determine. It will clearly be much easier to deal with the North Vietnamese than with the dissidents in the South. (The fact that the Saigon government is just as intransigent as the NLF suggests the character of the war: an internecine Southern civil war, in which both sides have entrapped their relatively unwilling allies.)

Our main task, however, was to speak to the deserters. The group in Paris seemed at ease and relatively happy: Paris excited most of them. The French government at present requires new work permits every 15 days, unless they have found permanent employment; their insecurity, therefore, is great, particularly since employment is exceedingly difficult to find in France and in Paris especially. The 20 young men we talked to in Paris—handsome, bright, articulate—knew of perhaps 10 more deserters who were not present, and thought there might be two or three score others, unknown to them, in various provincial cities. All of them need money, and most desire a stronger sense of community among themselves; but some, like the guitar-maker who has found a job in Marseille, a gentle and solitary young man from a small town in Montana, are content to do their work alone and in peace.

In Stockholm it begins to grow dark at 3 o'clock in the afternoon now; the countryside is a dull winter brown; and the Swedes, prosperous and formal, do not smile. There are at least 150 deserters in Sweden still, even though perhaps 30 others have found the task too difficult and the blandishments of U.S. agents too compelling and have returned. Sweden has long had probably the most effective and enlightened program for political refugees in the world, and accepts the young Americans under the category of those who flee for "humanitarian" reasons. Some 84 percent of the Swedish people oppose the war in Vietnam, and of those many publicly accuse the United States of unjust aims and unjust means of warfare, and think of the North Vietnamese as heroic in resisting our vast firepower in the name of Vietnamese independence. Still, young men who desert the armed forces of their own country cannot expect an entirely sympathetic reception. Particularly since the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, cold war memories have returned to Sweden and public opinion is less certain than it was concerning the deserters. Moreover, the Swedes are extraordinarily middle-class and prosperous; what use would most of them have for young men who do not yet speak Swedish, who have not found solid, permanent income, and who live off the pittance assigned them by public welfare? Even the beautiful, free Swedish girls of the movies seem to be, in real life, forbidding and quietly calculating; they are liberated, and no romance or first experience with sex is liable to sweep them off their feet and make them forget the difficulties of the future. In Sweden, the official welcome is generous and many Swedes are willing to help; but the climate is rather bleak.

Most of the 80 or 90 young men we talked to in Sweden, like most of those in France, come from the South or the Midwest; few have had even a year or two in college; many enlisted at 17 or were drafted at 18. They are unusually bright and alert; they do not talk, as one World War II veteran in our group put it, "like we used to talk in my four years in the army." We were warned that most of these young men were lower middle-class, and might not be as articulate as the college students we were used to. It is true that, as a rule, the deserters have not read much and do not have full and rounded theories about their action or about the United States; but they express their feelings and ideas eagerly and well. They seem to be from among the brightest of those who are unschooled. Although in the small towns from which most of them come they had no tradition for examining and questioning American political life, and particularly American foreign policy, they were acute enough to see through the Army and its propaganda. (Their experiences suggest that someone should submit himself to the present army preparation for troops leaving for Vietnam, and report on the view of the war presented by the army.) Several told me that they were first alerted to the lies and untruths of the war by veterans returning from Vietnam. I didn't find a single deserter (although there must have been some) who even realized, before his desertion, that there was a large theory-oriented peace movement or who had read any of the books critical of the war. Their resistance to the war grew out of their own guts, in confrontation with the army; only afterwards did most discover books, theories and reasons.

The young men we met compare favorably to college students who seek counseling on the draft: penetrating, sensitive; only they were not rich enough, or bookish enough, to be in college when the army called. To accept induction was the easy, natural path of the conformity and docility it is the business of American grammar schools and high schools to teach them: not critical, not questioning. Almost all of those who spoke to me were not pacifists; they were not absolutely against war, or the army; except for the peculiar nature of the Vietnamese war, a war on the poor, on civilians, in support of a vastly unpopular Saigon government, they would still be in the army, getting their term of duty over with. What are two quick years in the army compared with a lifetime of exile? They chose the harder and more difficult course, for which growing up in America had not prepared them.



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One member of our group, from Des Moines, was the mother of one of the boys: a little heavy, sweet-faced, good-humored, she told us later that her son had not changed at all, "Just like he always was." He told me that he was proud of her coming; she had always taught him not to worry about what other people thought, and to do what he thought was right. He looked like a young boy in a Shakespeare play: long black hair, tight orange corduroy ski pants, dark boots, a heavy blue sweater. One could not help admiring the strength it took, given the patriotic propaganda and pressures of the Middle West, to come from Des Moines to Stockholm.

Some of the young men imagine that some day in the future people will appreciate the courage their action required, and they may become national heroes—men willing to endure being called villains. They are buoyed by the numbers of men who continue to swell their ranks, and by the huge number of AWOL's the army—particularly on the West Coast—must cope with. Some feel guilty for not staying in the army and waking more of their buddies up. One handed us a letter to the American people, in which he begged them to "wake up from your sleep," so that he could again be free to return to the land he loved. He saw his desertion as an attempt to get at least a few people to think about what America is doing to itself by this war.

The United States government, for its part, works in many open and covert ways to sow dissension among the deserters and in the Swedish government, and to persuade the deserters to quit. A nation founded by political refugees (my own grandfather fled Czechoslovakia to escape the Austro-Hungarian draft) is embarrassed when the refugees go the other way. Our delegation was in Stockholm too briefly, but several thought we saw quite clearly the hand of undercover agents, urging an extremist left-wing line that would discredit and divide the deserters, and leading sharp personal attacks on the one man in the Swedish government more than any other who has championed the young Americans. The Swedish people, meanwhile, do not experientially understand that many Americans see the war as a matter of moral, not only political, conscience, and hence they do not understand the degree of moral conflict felt by young men who, when they do what they decide they ought to do, are branded as deserters and traitors. The cross currents of emotional guilt and confusion whip some of the young Americans back and forth. They badly need a young Christian minister in Stockholm, who could help them with their many problems, lead them in seminars about American society, and represent them before respectable Swedish people. (In Paris, the group has just such a minister, and he is highly effective.)

On the other hand, many of us felt humbled; we have written against the war, but we do not face the choice of carrying arms in it or going to jail. We see the political foolishness and moral outrage, but we are not forced into exile. Our conscience is formed easily. These young men carry the cruel burden. It may be true that some of the more gentle and freer of them would have deserted in any war; certainly virtually all of them found the army a brutalizing assault on their dignity as human beings. Their witness, however, is primarily that they are lower middle-class, not college-educated, not pseudo-intellectuals. The parents of many of them, they said, were voting for George Wallace. These very decent boys want the United States out of Vietnam, and they want to come home. They deserve amnesty: they, with their buddies in the field, have carried our guilt long enough alone.

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MARY OLIVER

## *PASSING THROUGH*

One after one the white towns fall away,
Our entrance and departure barely stirring
The leaves upon the trees that shelter lawns
Leading to other doors and lives, not ours.
Bright for a moment, hung within the eyes,
Strange landscapes almost touch the mind, and then,
One after one the passing miles are gone.

The world begins with something realized,
And all we see is what we care to see;
And so it is, and so it long shall be
On every journey that is merely time:
Over our speeding shoulders, day by day,
Great structures fade beneath the autumn air
As though they never happened, never were.

And wilderness and longing, they remain.

All that men know is what they dare to treasure.
And so for years, over the random highways,
We make our small arrivals and depart;
And the high cities of the green earth echo
The dark that rules the country of the heart.



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# INTRUDER IN ACADEME

*ROTC: still an issue*

**GORDON ZAHN**

With the opening of the new school year, the focus of attention has been placed on Columbia University and the prospects for a full-scale renewal of the student rebellion that brought the institution to a standstill as the old academic year came to an end. There is good reason for this, of course; it is here, if anywhere, that major confrontations and disturbances are most likely to develop. The demands for "student power" are certain to continue and escalate, and there is no sound reason to expect any significant lessening of intransigence on the part of school administrators and civic authorities in the emerging public consensus in support of a hard-line "law-and-order" resolution to all problems involving dissent and civil disobedience. It bids fair to be an exciting year on the campus, and a tragic one as well for those of us not yet convinced on the inherent virtues of rigid and unfeeling repression.

Hidden within this larger context is a more limited and specific issue-oriented protest action that has all but been ignored. In recent weeks there have been reports of two or three ROTC buildings burned or bombed on some of our Western campuses. The suspicion has fallen—and probably rightly so—on peace activists who have decided that non-violent direct action is the only effective means available to them in their efforts to rid the academic scene of what they hold to be an unwarranted intrusion of a military presence they find obnoxious and incompatible with the true objectives of the academic enterprise.

Needless to say, these are not the first such protests, though clearly they are the most dramatic and extreme to this point. The past few years have witnessed organized picketing of formal ROTC ceremonies and other more imaginative devices for registering opposition and disapproval. Something of a high point was reached at Georgetown University, for example, when a plane was hired to shower the parade ground with handbills reminding the assembled audience and dignitaries that they could have bombed with napalm instead. In other schools faculty and students have joined efforts to persuade their administrations to terminate the ROTC. All of these attempts have met with little, usually no, success. Hence what appears to be a new "escalation" in the direction of sabotage or the outright destruction of campus military installations.

Let me make it quite clear at this point (though I suspect doing so will cause me to "lose" the majority of my readers!), I see no objection *in principle* to such actions. As long as care is taken to avoid loss of life, they can be most effective means of non-violent resistance. Needless to say, this is a pretty radical thought in an age when some of our more powerful political leaders—Mayor Daley and Governor Agnew to mention only two in a non-partisan pairing—have declared a position that ranks property over life. Be that as it may, I am in full agreement with the Berrigans and their collaborators that there are some kinds of property that have no right to exist. If a couple of German priests and a few supporters had raided some Nazi office and destroyed the master lists of Jews scheduled for transportation to extermination camps, all of us would have nothing but the highest praise for them today. Or, and here the agreement may be less complete, if it had been possible to sabotage and destroy the laboratories and other facilities which produced the atrocities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the world (and certainly our nation's conscience) would be the better for it.

So if the "Catonsville nine" become convinced of a moral obligation to destroy files which are an essential part of a system for forcing young men into military service in an unjust war, or if others feel they must strike a direct blow against another part of that same system that has insinuated itself into the educational process, I am not going to fault them on grounds of principle. If I do have reservations or objections—and I do in both instances—they are more a matter of tactics and practice. Thus while I agree that some property has no right to exist, I am more hesitant about the decision that I have the right to eliminate it. To the enthusiastic Nazi, the books written by Jews and socialists had no right to exist—so they burned them. I am sure that, given a wider acceptance of the principle, there are ardent Catholics in Brooklyn today who would be more than ready to apply the same torch to the "pornographic" books displayed at their corner drugstore.

Interesting and important though these "principle vs. practice" considerations may be, they are not what I wish to discuss in this article. Instead, I feel it is imperative that we give some serious thought to the message the

GORDON ZAHN *is a member of the faculty at the University of Massachusetts. His most recent book is* War, Conscience and Dissent *(Hawthorne).*



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campus arsonists and bombers are trying to get across to us. The very fact that we have not heard or paid attention to this message when they tried to express it in a more "responsible" manner may account for their decision to turn to the more extreme vehicle of the "communication of the act." If we continue to close our ears and minds to their protest, we are restricting their options to the very acts which most of us so strongly disapprove.

It will come as no surprise, perhaps, that I share the conviction that ROTC has no place in the college curriculum. Even those readers who will disagree with this should be willing to grant that ROTC should not be a *required* part of that curriculum. Both of these, it will be noted, have been stated in an intentionally general form applying to all colleges and universities. It follows—and this is really the heart of my thesis—that both apply with even greater force to the Catholic college or university.

Military training, its nature and purpose are antithetical to the nature and purposes of education. Where the latter supposedly aims at expanding the mental faculties of the individual and providing occasions for the exercise of free and imaginative judgment, the former places its primary emphasis upon indoctrination, discipline, and unquestioning obedience. What recognition might be given in the rating of a military cadet to such qualities as initiative and a readiness to accept responsibility come into the equation only after these primary objectives have been achieved. It is no accident that, in the collegiate setting, whereas the most successful educational experience is the seminar of alert and unrestrained students energetically contesting the propositions put forward by their teacher, the "prize exhibit" of the ROTC program is the drill team going through its formations in clockwork precision. That this can be an exciting, for some an inspiring, show is not denied—to hold that it represents "education" in any real or meaningful sense is simply ludicrous.

But if this were all one could hold against the ROTC program, that it produces nothing but a band of uniformed marionettes, there would be little reason for mounting demonstrations or blowing up buildings. The *real* objection lies in the content of the indoctrination and the kind of actions the discipline and obedience are designed to assure. However much the public relations office may slave to come up with the proper euphemisms, the purpose of military activity is the destruction of human beings who happen to be designated at any given time as "the enemy." To assure the most effective concentration of effort to achieve this end, it is helpful that body and behavior of the individual taken into military service be conditioned to assure immediate compliance with orders received; in the process of achieving this, it is important that the mind be "formed" to think along those lines, and *only* those lines, which will produce and reinforce such compliance. This requires, obviously, that contrary values or inclinations be subordinated, if not eliminated altogether.



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I am not suggesting that this ideal is regularly or often even ever achieved, but I would insist that this is what an effective program of military training will seek. Not too long ago, an evening newscast featuring a visit to a reserve training camp summed it up nicely. It was not so much what the instructor in hand-to-hand combat told the interviewer (and that was bad enough!); rather, the tale was told in a huge placard decorating the wall behind him: "No war was ever won with compassion or conscience—KILL!" The testimony of a young man with two years of training as a reservist behind him brings this general principle down to the level of individual experience. As he put it, "With all the passion and exuberance of youth I became a trained killer. I went to classes where I learned how to rip a man's jugular vein out with my teeth. I growled like a tiger when I was told to growl like a tiger." (It would indeed be edifying for religious and educational leaders to see their flocks brandishing bayonets and yelping and grunting on command, like well-trained jungle beasts—all for the preservation of Western civilization!) He continued to say, and this should be a matter of some concern to the readers of this magazine, "I was told that the Ten Commandments, however worthy they might be in civilian life, had to be suspended in the name of national interest."

It goes without saying that these "messy" training sessions are seldom, if ever, scheduled for the college campus where even the marching exercises will be listed in the program under the title "School for the Soldier" or some such thing. But the ROTC student is committed to these sessions sooner or later, so the college or university which is engaged in enrolling young men for the program cannot escape responsibility for exposing them to such degrading and dehumanizing "educational" experiences.

### *The Catholic Scene*

If, as Theodore Roszak has suggested, the learned professions (and, presumably, the academy in which they normally operate) are ultimately connected with "that aggregation of ideals which defines civilized life from barbarism: the free market of ideas, the dignity of the individual, the pursuit of intellectual and aesthetic excellence, the value of moral courage," the absolute incongruity of a military training program in this context should be immediately obvious. If we add to these the special objectives defined for the Catholic college and university, in the documents of Vatican II—including such things as "making the family of man and its history more human," promoting effectively "the welfare of the earthly city," and becoming "the saving leaven of the human family"—it should be equally obvious that ROTC has no place in the Catholic curriculum.

Or, to be more specific, if it is a "crime against God and man himself" which "merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation" to commit "any act of war aimed at the destruction of entire cities or extensive areas along with their population," it should follow that those 13 Catholic schools engaged in training men for that branch of the armed services, which is equipped for and prepared to commit that "crime," are making themselves accessories before the fact. We must assume that the Air Force's "Fundamentals of Aerospace Weapons Systems" applies to Air Force ROTC training units, including its definition of a military target as "any person, thing, idea, identity or location selected for destruction, inactivation or rendering nonusable with weapons which will reduce or destroy the will or ability of the enemy to resist." This definition makes a mockery, not only of the teachings of Vatican II, but of the traditional theology of the "just war" as well. Yet in at least two of those 13 schools with Air Force ROTC programs (Loyola of Los Angeles and Duquesne), ROTC training is compulsory!

As of March, 1968, there were 44 Catholic colleges or universities with ROTC programs, and this is actually a gain of one (St. John's, Jamaica) over the October, 1966, listing. These schools account for 51 ROTC units; the University of Notre Dame leading the field by providing a choice of Army, Navy or Air Force training to its students. Since the 1967-68 directory of Catholic colleges and universities lists only 85 male or co-educational institutions, this means that slightly better than one out of every two provides ROTC, in sharp contrast to the listings for non-Catholic male and co-ed schools, which shows a comparable figure of only 15.7 percent. This is the old, all too familiar posture of 200 percent—patriotism, of course. When the bugle sounds there seems to be some evil compulsion that drives the "one, true Church" of the "Prince of Peace" to slap on its armor, pull out its sword, and rush to the front lines. But, perhaps, in this day of "the war that is forbidden" (if one follows even so conservative a theologian as Cardinal Ottaviani), "patriotism" is no longer a suitable word. What we have in reality is a scandalous commitment to the excessive nationalism that has been condemned by all the popes of this century.

How much more troubling, then, to note that no less than 19 of our Catholic colleges and universities have determined that military training is so essential to the formation of the "true and perfect Christian" that ROTC has been made compulsory on their campuses! Here, too, the comparable proportions are revealing. The 110 non-Catholic private schools with ROTC units include only 19 (17.3 percent) that are compulsory. The percentage for Catholic schools is 40, well over twice as great. But we need not stop there. Of the 186 public colleges and universities providing ROTC—institutions where we might expect, as in the land-grant colleges, some charter requirements to apply—only 56, or 30.1 percent, make it compulsory.

It may provide some small comfort to note that, since the 1966 listing, a few Catholic schools (University of



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Santa Clara, Seton Hall and Loyola of New Orleans) have shifted from a compulsory to elective basis. The 18 which remain in the former category, however, are Loyola of Los Angeles, University of San Francisco, Loyola of Baltimore, Creighton University, St. Peter's College, Canisius College, Niagara University, St. Bernadine of Siena College, St. Bonaventure University, John Carroll University, University of Dayton, Xavier University, Duquesne University, Gannon College, La Salle College, University of Scranton, St. Mary's University (San Antonio), and St. Norbert's College. The heavy representation of Jesuit institutions is perhaps to be taken for granted, but one is more than a little disturbed to find at least two Franciscan schools forcing rifles into their students' hands. None of that "make us instruments of Thy peace" or "where there is hatred let us sow love" nonsense for them!

*Rather Hollow Ring*

At the very least, we must hope that this situation will be changed without delay, that the faculties and administrations of these 19 institutions—prompted, where necessary, by student demands supported by outside opinion—will drop the ROTC requirement. Beyond this, I would argue, all such units, compulsory or elective, should be eliminated from the Catholic educational program. In part, of course, this is a matter of consistency. The continuing barrage of statements issued by the highest Church authorities in condemnation of modern war and modern weapons should be argument enough. "No more war; war never again!" has a rather hollow ring when heard in the context of the cadence count wafting over the Catholic campus—to say nothing of Paul VI's latest and more comprehensive statement in Bogota that "We must say and re-affirm that violence is not in accord with the Gospel, that it is not Christian . . ." Try telling *that* to your Military Science instructor the next time around. The Fathers of Vatican II, in issuing their call for "an evaluation of war with an entirely new attitude" declared that "everyone must labor to put an end at last to the arms race, and to make a true beginning of disarmament." I would suggest that it is time, then, that we "disarm" our Catholic colleges and universities at once—and there, at least, the "true beginning" could, and should, be unilateral.

But consistency is not the only point at issue here. More important are the effects, actual and potential, exposure to military training in the Catholic setting will have. It is bad enough to take a young mind and subject it to the carefully structured indoctrination and to train young bodies in the more advanced techniques of destruction and killing of one's fellow man; when these are re-inforced by the perfectly natural assumption that, since this indoctrination and training take place in the same school where he is taught about the inviolability of the Mystical Body of Christ, these activities are "sanctioned" and "endorsed" by his Church, the finished product will emerge less qualified and far less free to make a responsible judgment as to the rightness or wrongness of an actual war in which he might be called to service. That same Catholic education which was supposedly designed to make him more sensitive to the moral dimensions of his social behavior will have the reverse effect by, in effect, obscuring or completely repressing those moral options which might otherwise lead him to consider a conscientious refusal to serve in a war of questionable justice.

At a more practical level, the fact that he was encouraged or obliged to engage in ROTC training while in college would seriously jeopardize his chances for being recognized as a conscientious objector should he somehow escape the morally stultifying effects of the program. One of the questions on the Selective Service Special Form for Conscientious Objectors obviously included as a test of the registrant's sincerity reads: "Have you ever been a member of any military organization or establishment?" As long as our draft laws continue to discriminate against the "selective" objector, it should be clear to all that an affirmative answer to this question would be a serious obstacle to overcome.

Whatever arguments may be offered to justify and support the existence of training programs for future officers, they certainly do not require that such programs be part of a college curriculum, *any* college curriculum. That they should be part of a Catholic college curriculum is nothing short of a major scandal in the full theological sense of the term. With the moral guidelines already set for us in papal and conciliar statements, it should not be necessary for anyone to resort to arson or bombings to remove the fact and the symbols of a military presence from our campuses.

Let us hope, at least, that this can be done before the righteous discontent that has already been demonstrated at Georgetown, at LaSalle, and elsewhere is forced to escalate into more seriously disruptive forms of active dissent.

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MICHAEL CUDDIHY

## *FACE*

Two grave eyes pleading
  Their modest vowels blue
And the hand under the pink chin
Spreading the mouth for a while or two
The same wry grin
Gone now in a frown
The moon outside
The head bends low and is pale
Foreign



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# THE STAGE

"It's a bit like Shaw," says James Earl Jones (*New York Times,* Oct. 5). "It clobbers everybody and, at the same time, wants to say something meaningful to everybody."

"People are seeing lots of things in the play that I didn't intend," says Howard Sackler (*Times*, Oct. 27). "What interested me was the tragedy of a man, and the forces within himself and without that brought that tragedy about."

The play, of course, is *The Great White Hope,* written by Sackler, starring Jones, which came out of Washington, D. C. (a much praised production last spring at the Arena Stage) to become the first (and so far, only) undeniable hit of the Broadway season. What both men are saying, I assume, is that *Hope* is a play and not a gaudily packaged message about the racial situation in the United States, but that no play that slips the restricting bounds of an undifferentiated setting, that tries to present characters in a social context, can escape reflecting and commenting upon society both within and without the play. Although there is something a bit ingenuous about Sackler's remark (I prefer Ibsen's saying, *whatever you find in my play, I put there*), there is a kind of truth in both statements.

Perhaps on the assumption that heroes are somewhat hard to come by in contemporary America, that only in the sports world are there figures about whom Americans really care, Sackler has gone to boxing for his hero, Jack Jefferson, based on Jack Johnson, the first Negro heavyweight champion. The boxing world—as Clifford Odets indicated in *Golden Boy*—provides the playwright with two other useful dramatic possibilities. Although some boxers (Tunney, Dempsey, Louis) turned themselves into public-park statues, the boxer's success has traditionally been tawdry, fleeting, violence-based, hence a workable image to question the American success ethic. Of all the popular American sports, boxing is the only one in which an individual, rather than a team, faces the opposition, an obvious blessing to a playwright who wants his protagonist finally to deal with his own crisis in personal terms: to break his violin hand or to throw that fight in Havana. The setting, then, should give the playwright the scope for both Sackler's tragedy and Jones's clobbering.

*Hope* is a rather old-fashioned chronicle play, recounting the rise and fall of a flawed hero, based—as the genre prescribes—on the life of an actual person, carefully doctored (the playwright has poetic license to practice) to suit the dramatic and ideational needs of the dramatist. The story is told in brief, theatrical scenes—public occasions with crowds on stage or private encounters at moments of emotional crisis—that catch the hero (or his antagonists) at key moments in his career. The method is as old as Shakespeare, but, since the scenes may be taken not only as pieces of a grand pattern, but as illustrations that make a particular point, as new as Brecht. Several times during the evening, characters step out of the action and speak directly to the audience, becoming, in the process, less characters, more clearly distillations of attitudes (Cap'n Dan is white racism, Scipio is black separatism). This device is an old and honorable one ("Now is the winter of our discontent"), but since, even within scenes, lines are occasionally thrown directly to the audience, demanding their assent, their acquiescence, the general impression is that *Hope* is the chronicle play new-made in the Epic Theater mold. For this reason, the social implications are likely to elbow the personal tragedy to one side.

*The Great White Hope* is, first of all, a relentless depiction of American racism. The plot of the play and the plots within the play are concerned with finding the titular hope that will bring the heavyweight championship back to the whites. Back in 1963, reacting to an article in *Esquire* in which Jack Dempsey knocked out Sonny Liston in a mythical fight, LeRoi Jones wrote one of his typical diatribe-analyses in which he says, "Sonny Liston is 'the huge Negro,' the 'bad nigger,' a heavy-faced replica of every whipped up boogie in the world. He is the underdeveloped, have-not (politically naïve), backward country, the subject people, finally here to collect his pound of flesh." That, Jones insists, is why the whites had to knock him out, if only fictionally in the pages of *Esquire*. I grow increasingly tired of having LeRoi Jones invent my fantasies and I would reject this one out of hand if it were not that both history and later events confirmed that it is a possible one. I don't really care who is heavyweight champion and, except when someone with a commanding personality emerges, I don't usually know who has the title. That, incidentally, was one of my problems with *Hope*. I had to keep reminding myself that many people really care who wins ballgames, boxing matches, Olympic medals, and that that concern can reflect the prejudices which operate in the rest of their lives. There is confirmation of Jones's fantasy both historically and presently—the cases of Jack Johnson and Muhammed Ali—but it is more complicated than he suggests. Johnson's admirers were not divided by color exclusively and Muhammed Ali had his title stolen because he refused to conform to what a good champion—as much as a good nigger—is supposed to be. Sackler's play suggests the greater complexity. It shows the easy and obvious racism (white distaste for, black identification with Jefferson) being used by the authorities as an excuse to break a man who looks likely to upset the status quo by suggesting that Horatio Alger heroes do not need to be polite, to keep their place. Spreading out from the central



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attack on white assumptions, the play manages to needle blacks who retreat into vicarious triumph through men like Jefferson and in the protagonist himself to question the wisdom of the black man who goes for white success and the validity of that success itself (the bloody white boxer at the end of the last scene).

*The Great White Hope* has no message, no solution in the simple sense, but the story it tells—the making and breaking of Jack Jefferson—is never quite the tragedy Sackler hopes for. Despite the power of James Earl Jones's performance, the protagonist somehow remains a representative man, a product and victim of his society. The play is less a realization of that man than it is an indictment of or, at least, a lament for that society. (*At the Alvin*) (*Published play: Dial, $4.95*) GERALD WEALES

**1183 AND ALL THAT**

# THE SCREEN

"The Lion in Winter" is the year's best comedy. In portraying the intrigue and battle of intellects between King Henry II and Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine over which of their three sons should inherit Henry's throne, the film has some of the sharpest and wittiest lines to be heard on a sound track. And what's more, it has a superb cast to put the lines over brilliantly. I know that the critics will jump on "The Lion" and complain that it is too static at times and follows the original play too closely and even seems to divide itself into three acts. Similar complaints were made against "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?". "The Lion" (with its bickering mainly between two people who realize before the finale that in spite of the hateful things they have said, they have a certain love and respect for each other) resembles "Woolf" at times in its strong dialogue, bright wisecracks and angry tensions. James Goldman wrote the script from his original stage play, and if it is talky, the talk is interesting and character-revealing, as the King and his estranged wife, the three sons and two French house guests play the game of one-upmanship during their 24 hours together in the 1183 Christmas Court at the damp, gloomy Castle of Chinon. The dialogue, often poetic in its choice of words and imagery, is an engaging mixture of medieval and modern. James Goldman is not writing a factual movie about the Plantagenets, but an interpretation in which he successfully combines their language and ours.

Visually Martin Poll's production of "The Lion in Winter" is a delight, not only for Douglas Slocombe's good color photography of the handsome costumes, outdoor scenes, and attractive (though no doubt very uncomfortable) old buildings that substituted for Chinon Castle in the south of France, but also for the very photogenic cast who look right in these costumes and sets and not like actors wandering through a historical pageant. Under director Anthony Harvey, this cast shines, even such comparative newcomers as the five young people who are the real pawns in Henry's and Eleanor's struggle to name the successor.

The picture belongs, of course, to Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn who have never been better than as the 50ish King and his 60ish Queen whom he has locked in another castle for the last ten years and now brings to Chinon for the Christmas row. O'Toole was also good as this same Henry II in "Becket," but Henry was a younger, more dashing man 13 years ago when he fought with his former friend, the archbishop. Now O'Toole's Henry is graying, aging, still sincerely wanting to be a good king, but still willful and wanting things on his terms. He detests Eleanor, who favors Prince Richard as the next king, while Henry wants to leave his crown to the nitwit Prince John. Frustrated because none of his sons is worthy and that Eleanor won't cooperate in having their marriage annulled so Henry can marry his mistress, the French Princess Alais, the angry King spends most of his time raging; as a lion in winter, O'Toole rages well.

Katharine Hepburn doesn't have to rage as the lustrous Eleanor of Aquitaine. Her chiseled, freckled face is beautiful as she strives to put Henry in his place, reasons with deceitful Richard, turns John off with "Hush, dear, mother's fighting," or tries not to show how she's suffering while watching Henry courting young Alais. Miss Hepburn is perfect at conveying Eleanor's brilliance, her disappointment with her sons, heartbreak ("How from where we started did we reach this Christmas?") and understanding ("We are all barbarians"). Her portrait of Eleanor stands as the performance of the year.

The young people in the next generation certainly deserve applause too: Jane Merrow as Henry's quiet French mistress who knows she's become a pawn; Timothy Dalton, as her brother, the French King who tells Henry about Richard's homosexual overtures and about the other two boys' conniving; Anthony Hopkins, as Prince Richard, who makes you wonder why he was called "The Lionhearted"; Nigel Terry, as the sneaky Prince John, who later became the villain in so many of the Robin Hood stories; John Castle, as Prince Geoffrey, the brightest of the plotting sons, so efficient at scheming that you wonder why Henry didn't aim for him as successor. As we know from history, Eleanor won; Richard became king after Henry's death six years later. At the end of this well-made movie, no one wins. For a few moments it looks as if Henry is going to kill all three sons who are drawing daggers against him. But he knows he can't—which gives Eleanor another opportunity to get in a last wisecrack: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." But it is Henry who has the last word as he escorts his wife to the barge that will return her to the castle prison: "I hope we never die." And they laugh—and you laugh too.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG



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# A SELECT LIST OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LAURA POLLA SCANLON

## PICTURE BOOKS AND STORIES

*We Went Looking.* By Aileen Fisher. Ill. by Marie Angel. T. Y. Crowell. $3.95.

A combination of pictures and text that succeeds nicely. The simple poem is about what was found on a badger-watching expedition. The pictures have an oriental delicacy about them, jewel-like tones and fragile blossoms. There are frogs, cats, weasels, even shrews, so true they might leap or creep off the page. 3-6.

*A Birthday for Frances.* By Russell Hoban. Ill. by Lillian Hoban. Harper & Row. $2.95.

The Frances stories are remarkable for dealing with real family problems that children easily identify with. Frances' problem this time is that it is someone else's birthday, the ever-present little sister Gloria. The story, enhanced by Frances' characteristic songs about her plight, is adequate, but at times the innuendo seems aimed more at adults than at children. 4-8.

*Fight the Night.* Written and ill. by Tomie de Paola. Lippincott. $3.50.

A miniature melodrama about a small boy's battle with the night. The illustrations are decorative but the figures are wooden. The personification of the night doesn't quite come off, but the story is good and the central idea will appeal to many young fight-the-nighters. 5-8.

*One Is for the Sun.* By Lenore & Eric Blegvad. Harcourt. $3.50.

With well-detailed line drawings, and charming colored paintings, the sights and sounds of a child's world are recorded. But the book pretends to be a counting book, and while the text is pleasant, at times even lyrical, the counting part seems superimposed, since the pictures and the count are not closely related. 4-8.

*What's Your Name?.* Written and ill. by Edna Eicke. Harper. $7.95.

Clever people are always finding new uses for old *New Yorker* covers. Here is one that succeeded. Miss Eicke has collected some of her own cover illustrations, added a simple line of text to each, and produced a gorgeous book of reminiscences about common childhood experiences. The reproductions are first-rate and the pictures are so evocative that children of all ages will spend long hours "reading" this book.

*Talking Without Words.* Written & ill. by Marie Hall Ets. Viking. $2.75.

Excellent black-and-white prints explain the theme that people do much talking with gestures and facial expressions. The pictures are clear, straightforward, and specific. Negative as well as positive emotions are portrayed with the actual expressions and gestures that children are likely to use. 3-5.

*Brian Wildsmith's Fishes.* Franklyn Watts. $4.95.

Almost as good as a trip to the aquarium. A swarm of dragonet fish, a dazzling herd of sea horses, a brilliant party of rainbow fish—these and many other clusters of sea creatures are pictured in the shimmery colors that nature paints fishes. An added feature is an introduction by the author, about the peculiar names that groups of fishes have.

*The Gingerbread Boy.* Ill. by William Curtis Holsworth. Farrar. $3.50.

Fresh and imaginative drawings give new life to this much-loved tale about the cocky gingerbread boy and his sad fate.

*The Hunkendunkens.* By Richard R. Livingston. Ill. by Harriet Pincus. Harcourt. $3.25.

Paul Hunkendunken wanted a wife, so he went shopping at the wife store and came home with Frizonia. They were happy but Frizonia was lonely all day long so off they went to the children store. So goes this amusing tale about how the Hunkendunkens and their twelve children came to be and then to be farmers. A very funny book with lively two-color drawings of impish creatures. 4-8.

*A Kiss for Little Bear.* By Else Holmelund Minarik. Ill. by Maurice Sendak. Harper. $2.50.

Little Bear is a creature of love and joy and he spreads it around in this enchanting story. The illustrations are incredibly alive and expressive. This is a good easy reader, the vocabulary is simple but vivid and the story is well constructed. 4-8.

*The Sailor, The School, The King, The Egg.* By Dick Bruna. Follett. $1.00 each.

These are simple story books with charming illustrations. Only primary colors are used and the heavy outline gives pictures a sharp graphic quality. Some of the stories, for instance, *The King,* are too busy for these very straightforward illustrations, but at his best, as in *The Sailor* Mr. Bruna comes up with a winning combination of sharp, clear text and pictures. 3-6.

LAURA POLLA SCANLON *is on the faculty of New York Community College, Brooklyn campus.*



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*The Big Green Book.* By Robert Graves. Ill. by Maurice Sendak. Crowell-Collier. $3.95.

Robert Graves' skill as a poet and storyteller shines through this tale about a little boy who makes magic with a big green book. The text is simple but rich, and combines well with Mr. Sendak's fine illustrations. In pictures and in story, the boy and his aunt and uncle are thoroughly alive and fascinating. 4-8.

*Hobnob.* By Christopher Wilson. Ill. by William Wiesner. Viking. $3.50.

Hob and Nob are two highly competitive farmer brothers who do not speak to each other until they are forced to unite their resources to solve common problems. Finally, they hobnob. It's a morality story, told with wit and humor. The pictures of the bizarre-looking creatures are gay and amusing.

*Why The Sun And The Moon Live In The Sky.* By Elphinstone Dayrell. Ill. by Blair Lent. Houghton Mifflin. $3.25.

A fine version of a Nigerian folktale, told much as it might once have been told, with tribesmen dressed to represent the elements and the creatures from the sea. The story is delightfully dramatic, but the splendid African pictures, with their strong colors and rich designs make this a very special book. 4-8.

*Beautiful Junk.* A Story of the Watts Towers. By Jon Madian. With photographs by Barbara and Lou Jacobs Jr. Little, Brown. $3.95.

The Watts towers are the mark of one man who wanted to be remembered for something beautiful. Simon Rodia worked for years building these structures out of materials salvaged from the streets and trash cans of Los Angeles. This story is a fictitious one, built around the real Watts towers. Charlie, an angry Watts resident, is disgusted by the junk he must live with. He sees the old man making his collecting rounds and ridicules him; then he follows him and sees what he does with the junk. The old man and the Negro boy become friends and plan to build together out of beautiful junk. The black and white photographs are good; both Charlie and the old man are eloquent subjects. But one wishes that one full-color photograph of the fantastic towers had been included. 6 and up.

## FICTION FOR PRE-ADOLESCENTS

*Lulu's Back in Town.* By Leigh Dean. Ill. by Ted Coconis. Funk & Wagnalls $2.95.

Lulu is the leader of the Eighth Street gang, a freckly tomboy with an undaunted thirst for adventure. The

***From "What's Your Name?" (Harper & Row)***

pictures are good, sketches with fine detail. 8 and up.

*The Night They Stole the Alphabet.* By Sesyle Joslin. Ill. by Enrico Arno. Harcourt. $3.95.

Strange robbers come in the night to Victoria's bedroom and make off with the alphabet, snatch the golden letters from the wallpaper and empty the storybooks. No easy mark, Victoria dashes off in hot pursuit, chases them through the night and ends up in a never-never land where she gets herself in and out of some wild adventures. The fantasy unfolds with relentless logic. The inevitable puns are fun and will certainly delight young readers. The shadowy robbers are amusing creatures who come up with droll cockney comments on the action. At times, the satire is a bit sophisticated, but all in all this is an unusually imaginative book with a density of imagery that takes its young audience seriously. 9-12.

*The Midnight Fox.* By Betsy Byars. Ill. by Ann Grifalconi. Viking. $4.50.

Tom is a city boy, cynical as only a ten-year-old can be. Forced by his parents ("athletic types") to spend a summer at an aunt's farm, he is smug for the first monotonous days of the season; life at the farm is as dull as he thought. But a black fox, a rare creature, enters his life and becomes the center of a private adventure that moves him with the beauty and excitement of nature. The story is thin, and there is too much wise-cracking, but these are slight disadvantages. Tom is a quite believable, snarly ten-year-old, and the book reads like a boy's journal. There are also very lovely and lyrical descriptive passages. 8-12.

*Member of the Gang.* By Barbara Rinkoff. Crown. $3.50.

A story about a 13-year-old black boy with a terrible self-image. His small failures gnaw at him and he sees no future for himself. He swears he will not depend on getting tips from the good-natured "whitey." Desperately wanting to "be someone" he joins a street gang, is picked up by the police after a knife fight, taken in hand by a Negro social worker and you can guess the rest. The book's ending is a little too pat and the picture presented here of life on the ghetto streets seems understated to the point of timidity. But there are many truths in Woodie's story. The picture of the school where failure is nurtured is vivid and real. Finally, Woodie himself is a thoroughly believable boy, going through the same identity search that young boys of all races, urban and rural, will recognize. The story is well written and tightly constructed. 9-13.

*Sail, Calypso.* By Adrienne Jones. Ill. by Adolph Le Moult. Atlantic, Little, Brown. $4.95.

Two lonely boys find each other and an abandoned old sailboat on a de-



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serted stretch of beach. The sailboat's faded name, Calypso, means one thing to the Negro boy, another to the white. They argue, attempt a kind of apartheid approach toward the boat, but then they realize that they must work together to revive the craft. The odds are overwhelmingly against them but they manage to make it seaworthy. In the process they achieve a rich and beautiful friendship which is enhanced by beautiful evocations of sand and sea and long summer days. 10 and up.

*Save Alice.* By Eva-Lis Wuorio. Holt. $3.95.

A mystery is the sum of its parts. But we all know à la Sherlock Holmes and James Bond that the parts are terribly important. This one features a white Cockatoo, a breathless chase from the French-Spanish frontier down to the east coast of Spain, two resourceful English youngsters and their chauvinistic American cousin, Davy Dawson Bjornson III, Alaric, the epic-composing Cambridge scholar cousin who drives an ancient Dodge. The villains are a sordid group of mafiosi and, oh, Alice is the cockatoo. Great fun. 10-13.

*Strange Summer in Stratford.* By Noral A. Perez. Atlantic, Little, Brown. $4.75.

This is a well written story which would fascinate lovers of mysteries and theater and combinations thereof. All the characters and events are closely connected with the festival theater at Stratford, Ontario. Sometimes, though, the lessons in history and dramaturgy are a bit too obvious. 10 and up.

*House Upon a Rock.* By Elsa Pederson. Illus. by Charles Shaw. Atheneum. $4.50.

This gripping novel begins quietly with Derrick Slocum celebrating his 16th birthday, with his family wondering if he can get a summer job on a crab boat. After a quick and memorable glimpse of family life in the small Alaskan town of Fidalgo, the reader is thrust into the eye of the tragedy. An earthquake and a tidal wave in rapid succession nearly destroy the town. The simple tale of how these families rally to solve their problems, how old people


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*Adrienne Jones; illustrated by Adolph LeMoult.* Two boys—one white, one Negro—find they must work together to salvage a derelict sailboat they have discovered. Ages 9-12 $4.95

***SOPHIA SCROOBY PRESERVED***
*Martha Bacon; illustrated by David Omar White.* An irrepressible slave girl survives the American Revolution, pirates, and a voodoo queen to gain fame and freedom.
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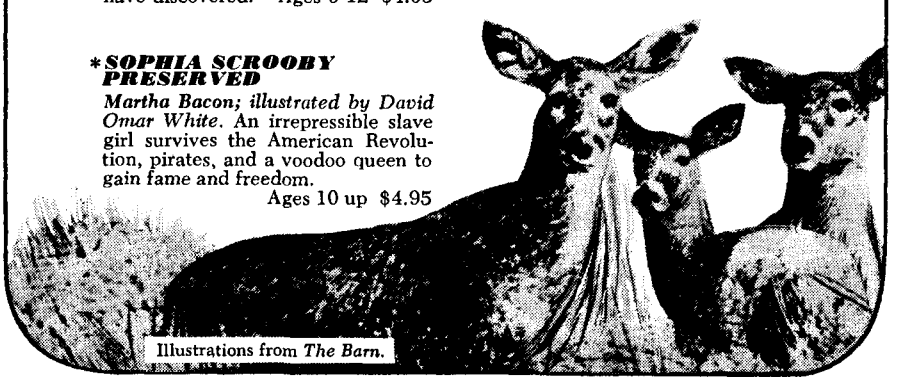

Illustrations from *The Barn.*




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and young people emerge with a much truer sense of community than they had before is told with an eloquence that makes it almost mythic. Miss Pedderson actually experienced the great Alaska earthquake. 11-14.

*Lonesome End.* By Stephen Meador. Ill. by Ned Butterfield. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.50.

Stephen W. Meador has been delighting young boys for years. A chronicle of the Saturday afternoon games with a little cattle-rustling, 4-Hing and romance thrown in. In spite of the fact that Meador's stories are so predictable he does manage to consistently keep things going so that they are never boring. 12 and up.

*The House of Dies Drear.* By Virginia Hamilton. Ill. by Eros Keith. Macmillan. $4.95.

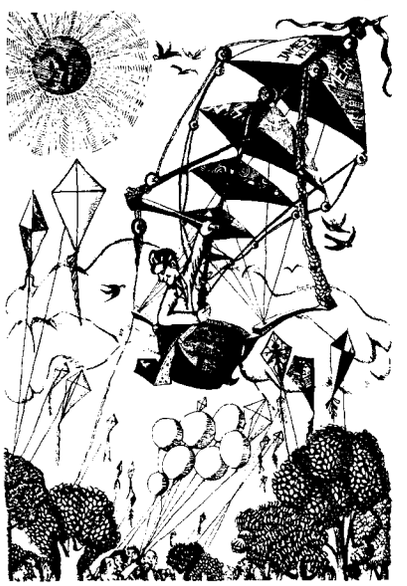
*Zeely,* Virginia Hamilton's first book, was greeted as a milestone in Negro juvenile literature. While this tight spellbinder may not bring the same kind of praise, it is nonetheless a fine book. A college professor and his family move to a southern Ohio community which had been an important network of the underground railroad system to Canada during the Civil War. Mysterious things happen in their new home. As the mystery clears, so do some other things. It is fascinating to follow the thoughts of the sensitive young son as in his dramatic search through the caverns below his new home, he finds a connection to his own past as a descendant of slaves. Besides telling a good story, Miss Hamilton draws very real characters. This is a family whose love and sensitivity to each other's needs is subtly and artfully suggested.

*Sophia Scrooby Preserved.* By Martha Bacon. Ill. by David Omar White. Atlantic, Little-Brown. $4.95.

Sophia "Pansy" Scrooby began life as the daughter of an African chieftain. At six, sole survivor of a tragedy to the tribe, she lives among jungle animals but eventually falls into the hands of a slave-trader. She is sold to a gentle Tory family who love and educate her; her high intelligence and musical talent blossom. In time, however, they are forced to sell her. From here on the plot is extremely contrived. Pansy goes through some wild adventures and ends up among the nobility in England, singing at Drury Lane theater. The author's style is lively and her purpose is noble: to show that an African sold into slavery and given the same advantages as an American child, would, of course, be the same. But the book is too thin and she does not succeed. 11-15.

*Little Women.* By Louisa May Alcott. Centennial Edition, with an intro. by Cornelia Meigs. Atlantic, Little-Brown. $5.95.

Incredible as it seems, *Little Women* still easily holds its own. Here is a handsome edition, patterned after the first, with the lovely full-color illustrations of Jessie Wilcox Smith. Sentimental, melodramatic, and occasionally too moralistic, this book nevertheless maintains a steady following. Why? Perhaps because it is so very human and the spirit



***From "Flight of the Merriweather" (Atheneum)***

of a family for whom family life was very important is still something that warms and reassures young people. Or it might be Jo herself, the headstrong, hot-tempered rebel, who has so fascinated girls for the past century. Whatever the reason, this spirited chronicle of Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy may well last for another hundred years. 11 and up.

*The Flight of the Kite Merriweather.* By Mildren Teal. Ill. by Vallie Van de Vovenkamp. Atheneum. $3.50.

A charming story of James Supworth who had an extraordinary love of kites. After building several different kinds of kites and mastering the physics of it all, he successfully constructs his masterpiece, a kite to fly away in. He does and that's what the book is all about. Great drawings. 8 and up.

## TEEN FICTION

*To a Different Tune.* By Bianca Bradbury. Ives Washburn. $3.95.

The summer before she enters college, Li Maywood sets out to lose the excess 30 pounds that plagued her early teen years. Leaving her family because she needs to wage the struggle alone, Li takes a job as a waitress on Cape Cod. Bianca Bradbury brings a number of clichés together. The never attainable, rich, handsome boy friend, the ugly duckling turned swan, the dreamy quality of summer life, eccentric New England characters, and on and on. Somehow it all works and none of it is dull. Li is a subtle and complex character who builds a network of deep human relationships in this little town. 12 and up.

*The Dream Watchers.* By Barbara Wersba. Atheneum. $3.95.

Rarely does an author manage to capture the suburban scene with the painful fidelity achieved here. A misfit in the new suburbia, Albert Scully, is a sensitive high school boy who detests rock and roll and rather likes Shakespeare, Rilke and Thoreau. He is constantly being urged to "get with it." "It" is the Pepsi generation life in his development, "Blitherwood, New Jersey." His mother is an acquisitive, status-seeking, incredibly insensitive woman whose ideal of life is to move to California and have a swimming pool. His father is a sweet ineffectual insurance non-salesman who copes with his tawdry life and wife by tippling and falling asleep whenever possible. High school life is meaningless to Albert. Readers will be reminded of *The Catcher in the*



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*Rye*. The theme is similar and the same bitter-sweet humor runs through it. But this is no imitation. It's an eloquent restatement of the old plea for the individual. 12 and up.

*Danger in a Smiling Mask*. By Anne Emery. Westminster. $3.75.

Anne Emery's books are almost always sure bets. Robin O'Dell, a young midwestern girl goes to spend a summer with her older sister Marni, who has recently married into a prominent San Francisco family. She suspects that there is a plot to undermine her marriage and wants Robin's help. The story of their involvement in family and political intrigues and of Marni's determined fight to save her marriage is an absorbing one, artfully told. There are fine descriptions of the city, and the picture of life among the very wealthy, especially the portraits of the domineering Mr. Dulaney and the society-page Mrs. Dulaney, are fascinating. 12 and up.

*Tuned Out*. By Maia Wojcechowska. Harper and Row. $3.50.

The horror and despair of the drug scene is conveyed in this excellent book without romance or sensation. The book's substance is the journal of a 16-year-old boy, his record of the summer that Kevin, his older brother and idol, returned from the University of Chicago.

For Jim the summer is a nightmare. Kevin learned to "turn on and tune out" at school. LSD is his bag now. The family is respectable, middle class. The parents are kind but incredibly dense and unaware of any change in Kevin. Jim bears the burden of caring for him through his last freak-out. The journal tells more than Kevin's story. It reveals much about the family and about the complex relationship between the two boys. The author is so skillful that the narrator's own ambivalence and anger is effectively expressed, sometimes through subtle changes in the journal's style. The book offers no pat resolution. The author knows too much about human nature to indulge in that.

And the promise of Kevin's redemption is shaky. But this is a richly human story that contains many truths.

*The Spring Rider* by John Lawson. T. Y. Crowell. $3.95.

Reality and myth, past and present, mingle and fuse in this strange tale of the Virginia mountains. Each spring, it is said, a rider comes, tall and thin on his horse, with a stovepipe hat on, to watch over his people. An adventurous 12-year-old boy and his romantic sister, Grey, become so involved with the creatures of the other world who return each year to re-enact the old civil war battles. One of the soldiers, Hannibal, falls in love with Grey. They are caught up in a fantastic confusion of death and life, war and love, which only the mys-


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terious rider can unravel. The story suggests the old ambivalence about war; peace is sweet but so is victory. Fine lyric passages sustain the dream-like atmosphere that is sharply contrasted to the bloody, ghostly battles. Mr. Lawson has written a highly original anti-war book and a haunting story. 12 and up.

*The Soul Brothers and Sister Lou.* By Kristin Hunter. Scribners. $3.95.

Award winner in a contest for Negro authors sponsored by the Council on Interracial Books for Children, this is the story of a young Negro girl who matures through suffering and begins to find her own racial identity. Lou lives in an urban ghetto. She befriends some street kids, organizes a club with them, and through them learns some of the more brutal facts of life for black people. She becomes bitter after trouble with the police, tries to accept black power, but is repulsed by the violence. Through wholesome activities, she finds her own way to accept black as beautiful. Miss Hunter's characters are individual and alive; Lou's personal struggles are vividly portrayed. Unfortunately, the ending is too pat and undercuts the admirable frankness of the book. Still, it's a good book and contains candid scenes of family and neighborhood life that will be, for some, a glimpse into another culture. 12-15.

*Mystery in Marrakech.* By Betty Cavanna. Morrow. $3.75.

When you set out to localize a mystery story in Morocco, you must include these basic elements: competing governments, espionage, sabotage and the inevitable kidnapping. In this story, a young American girl spends an eventful summer in Morocco with her roommate whose father works for an American oil company. The story is fast moving, the characters are adequately drawn, but it is the setting that gives this book its life. 12-16.

*I'm Really Dragged but Nothing Gets Me Down.* By Nat Hentoff. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Jeremy is tortured about whether or not he should cooperate with the draft regulations. Nat Hentoff has written a perceptive, totally contemporary examination of young people in perplexing times and of all sides of the generation gap. 12 and up.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

*Germany, East and West.* By Sabra Holbrook. Meredith. $5.95.

A fair treatment of the history and problems of the two Germanies. All the difficulties of a nation divided by a wall are sympathetically explored in depth. The book is very readable and illustrated with excellent photographs. 12-16.

*Countries of Today: Soviet Russia.* By John Lawrence. White. $4.25.

Fascinating and generally fair history of the Russian people, past and present. The land comes alive and the history almost contemporary as John Lawrence traces the nation from the Empire of Kiev to the Revolution and triumph of Communism in 1917. Most of the black and white photographs have never been seen before in the West. 12-16.

*Khrushchev.* By Burt Hirshfield. Hawthorne. $4.95.

Since the fall of Stalin in 1953 Khrushchev seemed always present on the world scene; with Nixon in the famous kitchen debate, with Kennedy at the Summit, in the UN pounding his shoe, telling the world that he would bury America. But as wildly as he behaved, the image of a vicious dictator, fingers dripping blood, never seemed to fit K. Somehow he seemed more the actor. This biography recounts many of the more famous incidents of his life and answers many puzzling questions about this man. 12-16.

*Pioneer in Blood Plasma, Dr. Charles Drew.* By Robert Lichello. Messner. $3.50

Charles Drew, a Negro, was one of those rare men who excelled at almost every human endeavor. He was a magnificent athlete at Amherst, good enough to miss an Olympic berth only by a fluke. He became a doctor and was



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renowned as both a professor and a researcher. He "invented" blood plasma. This is a well researched and exciting book about his career. Teenagers will enjoy it. 12-16.

*Samuel Tilden and the Stolen Election.* By Bill Severn. Washburn. $4.95.

In this year of dissenting Democrats, coalitions of all sorts, and charges of rigged elections, this life of Samuel Tilden is timely. Bill Severn has written a lively, well-documented biography which traces Tilden's career as a brilliant lawyer, political reformer who smashed the Tweed ring, Governor of New York and finally a presidential candidate of 1876 who achieved a majority of popular votes but who was robbed in the electoral college. Almost 100 hundred years later the events of that year seem as contemporary as this year's returns. 12-16.

*Invincible Louisa.* By Cornelia Meigs. Little Brown. $4.95.

Winner of the Newberry Medal for the year it was first published (1933), this biography is an absorbing account of a life of insecurity and struggle, of a childhood that nurtured a fierce determination to succeed. Bronson Alcott, Louisa Alcott's father was an eccentric intellectual who provided a warm and loving home for his wife and four daughters but who never came to grips with many of their other needs. In Louisa's first 28 years, the Alcott's moved 29 times. One move was the ill-fated cooperative venture, Fruitlands, with an intransigent Mr. Lane, who almost convinced Bronson to give up his family for his ideals of a simple non-materialistic life. But this background nurtured the talent that was to find expression in *Little Women*. This excellent book also gives a good picture of the New England culture that did much to shape our American ethos. 12 and up.

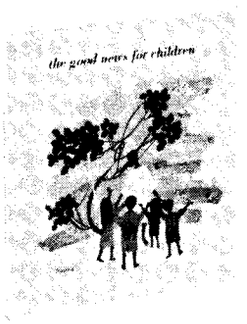
## POETRY AND DRAMA

*The Pheasant on Route Seven.* By Kaye Starbird. Ill. by Victoria de Larrea. Lippincott. $3.50.

A book of poems about the mythical village of Pleasantport and its remarkable citizenry. In "storified verses that sing" like those of her "Miss Amos, the poet lady," Miss Starbird paints the human and physical topography of Pleasantport with firm strokes. There are all kinds of poems and people here, funny, whimsical, joyous, sad, but all are unforgettable, like the incredible rebel, Abigail, "Who wrote a book that would curl your hair" and Dr. Ernest Bates, "Who is fond of paperweights" and is likely to give them a looking over "And come to some decision/ About a big incision." The poems are light, the beat is distinctly up, but none are silly or trivial, and many deal with adult themes. One of the loveliest is the poem, *Roy,* a piece that convey's the effect of the black man's anger on the peaceful Pleasantport landscape. This excellent book is guaranteed to nourish children's natural affinity for poetry. 12 and up.

*On City Streets.* An Anthology of Poetry. Selected by Nancy Larrick. Ill. with photographs by David Sagarin. Evans. $4.95.

Poems about city sights and people, with good photographs and a snappy format. The moods of the poems are as varied as the moods of the city. There are melancholy poems and bitter poems, quiet poems about parks and whimsical poems about alligators on escalators. Many of the poets are the old stand-bys, Sandburg, Frost, and that vintage, but there are fine poets that will be less familiar: Ferlinghetti, Corso, James Tate. Gwendolyn Brooks and Langston Hughes are well represented. The quality of the poems is uneven; there are some Whitmanesque listings of urban sounds and smells that say nothing to me, but the editor notes that all the poems have been tested and chosen for their appeal to young people. That may be an adequate value. Another flaw is that some of the photographs could be more relevant to the poems they face. All in all though, this is a book that should bring many happy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Introduction by Rosemary Haughton, translation by Edmond Bonin

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*The Scroobious Pip.* By Edward Lear. Completed by Ogden Nash. Ill. by Nancy Ekholm Burkert. Harper & Row. $3.95.

The Scroobious Pip is a strange creature, part bird, beast, insect and fish, who gathers around him all the beasts of the world, "By the silent shores of the Jellybolee." Nothing much happens but between Edward Lear and Miss Burkert, the shores of Jellybolee are made utterly enchanting. The jollity and whimsy of Lear's poem is lushly dramatized in magnificent full-color double-spreads, splendid with magical oriental detail. All ages.

*Saint George, A Christmas Mummers' Play.* By Katherine Miller. Ill. by Wallace Tripp. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

Holidays in old England included the performance of simple plays at home. This is one such play which Miss Miller says she has ". . . patched together from many old plays and dances, its sense pieced out here and there for modern audiences and revived with a dash of hokum-pokum." The play, with its strange assortment of characters, is fun to read aloud, and simple enough for children to perform. The illustrations are pictures of modern children dressed as the characters, a good device. The text of the play is followed by notes which tell the history of Mumming, and explain precisely how the play can be produced and how costumes and sets can be made from whatever is at hand. All ages.

*My Kind of Verse.* Compiled by John Smith. Ill. by Uri Shulevitz. Macmillan. $5.95.

This is an anthology of poetry for children which does not attempt to select "children's poetry". Poems are nicely organized into such appropriately ambiguous niches as "Odds Bods" and "Places, Weathers, Creatures, Things." They are not all masterpieces, but each has its own special quality of thought or expression. John Smith has ventured widely to compile this book; you'll find Blake and Shakespeare next to nursery rhymes, Ezra Pound, or Sylvia Plath. It's a nicely rounded group of poems that will appeal to children. Some are simple and some will require intellectual stretching, but there are no pompous generalities here. 8 and up.

### NATURE AND SCIENCE

*House Sparrows: Ragamuffins of the City.* By J. J. McCoy. Ill. by Jean Zallinger. Seabury. $3.95.

This is a study of sparrows in fact and fancy with very real, minutely detailed pencil drawings. Though the prose is stilted, the subject is well handled and the book provides a wealth of information about these ubiquitous little birds, including how they first came to America, their life style, and their unusual courtship rites. A glossary, suggestions for additional reading, and tips for sparrow-watching are included. 8-12.

*Discovering Plants.* By Richard M. Klein and Deana T. Klein. Natural History Press. $4.50.

Simple experiments, designed to help the reader learn botanical basics in an active and concrete way, are carefully detailed in this useful book. Most of the experiments can be implemented with materials at hand or readily obtained. Many will yield dramatic results that will delight young scientists. 12 and up.

*Long Life to You: Modern Medicine at Work.* By Leo Schneider. Ill. by Henri Fluchere. Harcourt. $3.75.

Mr. Schneider's long experience as a teacher and his natural liveliness as a writer make this an informative book that is a pleasure to read. The methods and machinery doctors use to save lives, and also a wealth of biological background included. 12 and up.

*Beaver Skins and Mountain Men.* Written and ill. by Carl Burger. Dutton. $5.95.

Actually, this book is as much about history as it is about nature, since it is a comprehensive study of the beaver.



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The book attempts to show the importance of the beaver in the discovery, exploration and settlement of the North American continent, and it largely succeeds. Well written, brimming with interesting facts and anecdotes, the book chronicles the habits of the beaver, the beaver in and out of fashion, and the beaver as a catalyst to migration and war. 14 and up.

### RELIGION

*The Good News For Children.* By Rene Berthier. Translated from the French by Edmond Bonin. Ill. by Rene Berthier. Pflaum.

The aim of this book is to distill the gospel in terms of a child's experience, to provide basis from which the good news of faith, love and freedom can be recognized and celebrated. A picture and scriptural text is presented next to its application in a child's life. The illustrations are gay and joyful, though I am always bothered by pictures of faceless people, and the scriptural selections are the essence of the Christian message. An introduction by Rosemary Haughton extends some concrete guidance to parents confused about the direction of their children's religious education.

*A Time For Living: Religious Experience Program.* Various authors and illustrators. Herder & Herder. $10.00.

A joyous rendering of the Christian message for children from 3 to 14. This packet of 21 books includes 9 books for parents and teachers. The students' books are buoyant, alive with color and scintillating message. They are guaranteed to engage modern children for they communicate, visually as well as verbally, sound ideas based on scripture, the psalms, and modern theology and psychology. The titles in the series and their focus will give you an idea of the slant: *Playing* (Delight in Living); *I Belong* (The Community of Man); *What's Happening* (Social Responsibility). 3-14.

*The Life of Jesus Christ. The Life of Saint Paul.* By Norman Pittenger, S.T.D. Franklin Watts. $3.95.

A good part of both books is devoted to scholarly explanations. Still, the description of Palestine at the time of Christ and the explanation of the relevance of current scriptural scholarship are well done and fascinating. Saint Paul's life and journeys are vividly chronicled. 12 and up.

### A MISCELLANY

*The Dream Time,* by Henry Treece. Ill. by Charles Keeping. With an epilogue by Rosemary Sutcliff. Meredith. $3.95.

Henry Treece, a popular novelist, turned his hand to a different task in this, his last book. Crookleg, born into a family of warriors, has the gift of making beautiful things and must find a society where his gifts are not considered evil. In this genuinely astonishing novel, Treece plays with the anthropological facts and gives us a hypothetical picture of the varieties of life styles and value systems that might have existed among the first tribes of man. The story is gripping, the characters are sensitively drawn and Treece's writing has the magic vitality of a primitive folk tale. All ages.


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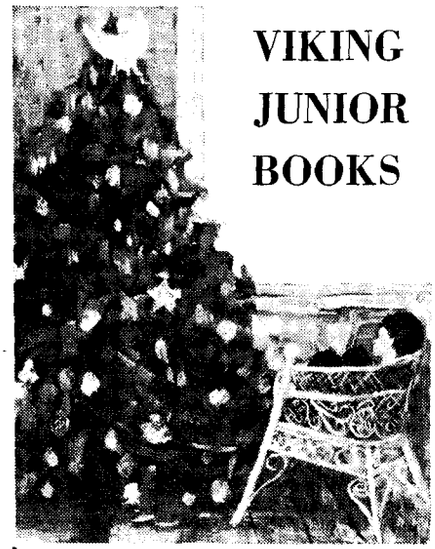

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*Shamrock and Spear: Tales and Legends from Ireland.* By F. M. Pilkington. Ill. by Leo and Dianne Dillon. Holt. $4.50.

Miss Pilkington retells 23 tales, some heroic, some comic, some romantic from the vast treasury of Irish folklore. Clearly some of the stories are better told than others but on balance this is an excellent collection. The striking, bold illustrations by the Dillons add quite a bit. All ages.

*The Knight of the Lion.* Retold by Constance Hieatt. Ill. by Joseph Low. T. Y. Crowell. $3.95.

The highly successful retelling of a 12th Century romance by a medieval scholar. Sir Ywain's many exploits in his quest to win the love of the Lady Loudine, with his faithful lion ever at his side are told with a sprightliness and excitement for modern readers that still retains the breath of mystery and magic inherent in the ancient legend. All ages.

*Stories from the English and Scottish Ballads.* By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Ill. T. Ridley. Dutton. $3.95.

There is no actual substitute for the old ballads, but these prose versions are good stories in their own right. Fast moving and lively, the language has the simple stateliness of the ballads. Most of the tales concern chivalry, are peopled with knights and queens, a few fairies and elves, and of course Merlin the magician. In an earthier vein are the Robin Hood legends and some offbeat ones like the saga of the "beauteous but spoilt" May Colvin who pulls a switch and outwits false Sir John. Young readers will enjoy these stories, but the excessively small type may be a drawback. 7-10.

**BRIEFLY NOTED AND LATE ARRIVALS**

*Dr. Owl's Problem.* By Margaret Bennett. Ill. by Barbara Efting. Hawthorn. $4.25. A wise medical owl who solves his animal friends' problems. All ages.

*A Small Lot.* By Eros Keith. Bradbury Press. $4.25. Good city pictures tell about two small boys who will a park into existence. 3-6.

*The Onion Maidens.* By A. K. Roche. Prentice-Hall. $4.50. Colonial onion weeders overcome occupationally based prejudices. 4-8.

*C D B!* By William Steig. Simon & Schuster. $2.95. Word game based on letter sounds. Great Steig cartoons. 6-10.

*Green Says Go.* By Ed Emberley. Little, Brown. $3.95. Excellent primer on color. 5 and up.

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*It's Wings That Make Birds Fly.* By Sandra Weiner. Pantheon. $3.95. A Negro boy's world in his own moving words. Fine sensitive photographs. All ages.

*The Ballad of the Burglar of Babylon.* By Elizabeth Bishop. Ill. by Ann Grifalconi. Farrar. $3.95. As fine as the old ballads, based on a true happening, and enhanced by really superb woodcuts. All ages.

*Journey From Peppermint Street.* By Meindert De Jong. Harper. $4.50. New experiences for a boy from a village in Holland. 10 and up.

*Willy O'Dwyer Jumped in the Fire.* Adapted by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers. Ill. by Beni Montresor. Atheneum. $4.50. Delightful version of a folk rhyme. 3.6.

*When Shlemiel Went to Warsaw & Other Stories.* By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Ill. by Margot Zemach. Farrar. $4.50. The finest tradition in folklore, a master story-teller, outstanding illustrations. All ages.

*The Wicked Pigeon Ladies in the Garden.* By Mary Chase. Ill. by Don Bolog-



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nese. Knopf. $3.95. Seven girls from bygone days cavort in a funny fantasy. 9-12.

*The Traitors.* By James Forman. Farrar. $3.95. A courageous German family's experiences during the Hitler era. 12 and up.

*The Bride Wore Braids.* By Frederick Laing. Four Winds Press. $3.95. A teenage marriage that almost doesn't succeed. 12-17.

*Winners And Losers.* Ed. L. M. Schulman. Macmillan. $4.95. Great sports fiction by the masters of the genre. 12 and up.

*Dark Piper.* By Andre Norton. Harcourt. $4.25. Super-chiller science fiction. 12 and up.

*We Alcotts.* By Aileen Fisher & Olive Rabe. Atheneum. $4.95. Biography. 12 and up.

*The Quakers.* By Kathleen Elgin. David McKay. $3.95. History of the movement. 8 and up.

*Chronicles of Negro Protest.* Ed. with commentary by Bradford Chambers. Parents Magazine Press. Ill. with photographs. $4.50. Negro protest, traced through historical documents. 12 and up.

*Huckleberry Hill.* By Elizabeth Gemming. Ill. T. Y. Crowell. $4.95. 19th century child's life in New England. 10 and up.

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*Four Seasons in the Woods.* By Henry B. Kane. Ill. Knopf. $3.50. Fine text, lovely photographs and drawings. Tell the seasonal cycles of animals. 5-8.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

*(Continued from page 267)*

what suspicious of 'Catholic intellectuals'."

c) "The information gathered does, I believe, represent considerable insight into the spectrum of opinion within one change-oriented segment of educated Catholics at a particularly dynamic moment."

If my review led anyone to think that Mrs. Cunneen's intention was more than this, that she claimed to "reflect the attitudes of the Catholic Woman in general," then the review was at fault, not Mrs. Cunneen's book. DORIS GRUMBACH

*Fall books*

**INSIDE THE GATE**
**Mildred Lawrence.** A teen-age girl's concern for a high school drop-out helps her make friends in a new school in Florida. Ages 12 up $3.50

**DARK PIPER**
**Andre Norton.** Gripping science-fiction about ten young people left alone on a planet inhabited by hostile mutants.
Aug. Ages 12 up $4.25

**GISELLE**
**Reginald Ottley.** A moving story of the underlying sadness in the outwardly idyllic life of a 14-year-old girl on an island in the South Pacific.
Ages 12 up $3.25

**THE ADVENTURES OF PADDY PORK**
**Illustrated by John S. Goodall.** A beguiling young pig runs away to join a traveling circus in this winning picture story book without words.
Oct. All ages $2.75

**THE SUGAR-CANDY HEART**
**Dorothy Maas; illustrated by the author.** Katie learns that miracles can happen in this gentle story that brings to life the true spirit of Christmas.
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**TOBIAS, THE MAGIC MOUSE**
**Jacob Bech Nygaard; illustrated in color by Ib Spang Olsen; translated by Edith Joan McCormick.** A droll, mischievous story in which Tobias, made wise by eating the moon's green cheese, sets out to right wrongs. Ages 7-10 $3.50

**ONE IS FOR THE SUN**
**Lenore Blegvad; illustrated in full color and black-and-white by Erik Blegvad.** The sights, sounds, and pleasures of a child's world are captured in joyful pictures and simple rhymed text that counts to ten—and then to ten million.
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**THE NEW TENANTS**
**Margaret MacPherson; illustrated by Shirley Hughes.** A Scottish family's move to the Isle of Skye involves them with a neighbor's crazy scheme in this suspenseful story.
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